THE

Sunday School

SERVICE AND TUNE BOOK

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JOHN C. HOLLISTER

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW HAVEN, CT.

A NEW EDITION, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

NEW YORK:
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CHANTS, CAROLS, AND TUNES:

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL SERVICE AND TUNE BOOK.

COMPILED BY

JOHN C. HOLLISTER.

NEW YORK:
MASON BROTHERS, 596 BROADWAY.
BOSTON: MASON & HAMLIN.

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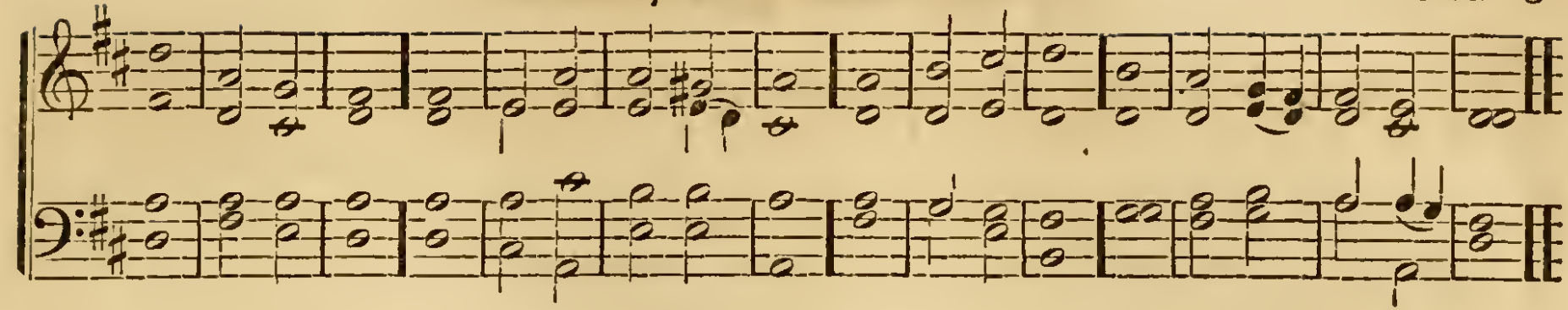


O come, let us sing un | to the | Lord | let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

Let us come before his presence | with thanks | giving | and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

For the Lord is a | great— | God | and a Great | King a | bove all | gods.

In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth | and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

The sea is his, | and he | made it | and his hands pre | pared the | dry | land.

O come, let us worship | and fall | down | and kneel be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

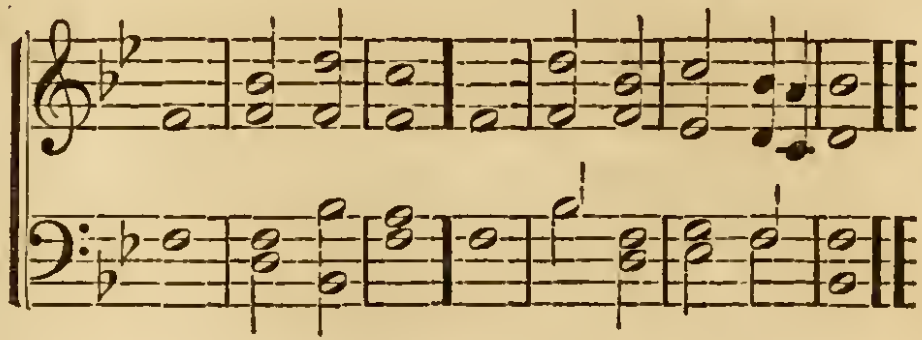
For he is the | Lord our | God | and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.

O worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness | let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

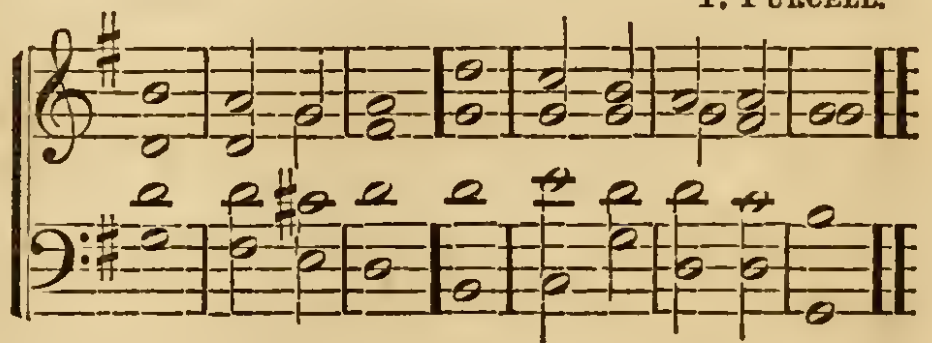
For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth | and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be to the Father | and to the | Son | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

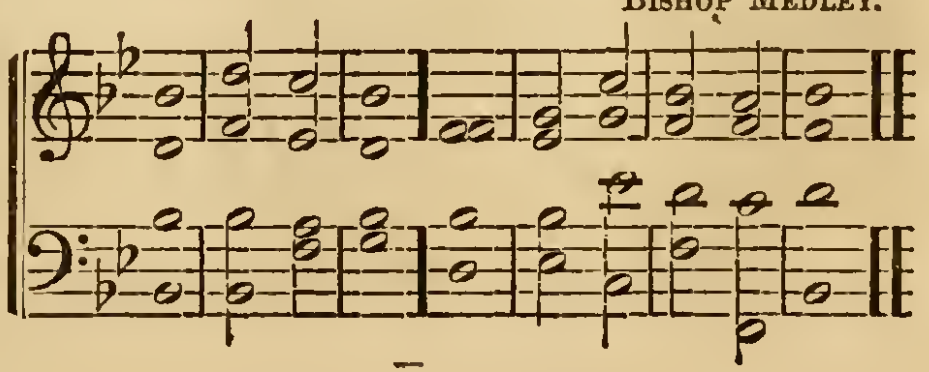
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be | world | without | end. A | men.



T. Purcell.



Bishop Medley.



Te Deum Laudamus.

CHANT

A.—We praise | thee, O | God; ‖ we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
B.—All the earth doth | worship | thee, ‖ the | Father | ever- | lasting.
A.—To thee all Angels | cry a- | loud; ‖ the Heavens, and | all the | Powers there- | in.
B.—To thee | Cherubim and | Seraphim ‖ con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,
C.—Holy, | Holy, | Holy ‖ Lord | God of | Saba- | oth:
Heaven and | Earth are | full ‖ of the | Majesty | of thy | Glory.
D.—The glorious company of the Apostles | praise— | thee;
* The goodly fellowship of the Prophets | praise— | thee;
* The noble army of Martyrs | praise— | thee; ‖ The holy Church, throughout all the world, | doth ac- | knowledge | thee,
E.—The Father of an | infinite | majesty;
* Thine adorable, true, and | only | Son;
* Also the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ the | Com— | —fort | er.
D.—Thou art the King of Glory, | O— | Christ. ‖ Thou art the everlasting Son | of the | Fa— | ther.
F.—When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, ‖ thou didst humble thyself to be | born— | of a | Virgin.
G.—When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, ‖ thou didst open the kingdom of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
A.—Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, ‖ in the glory | of the | Fa— | ther.
B.—We believe that | thou shalt | come ‖ to | be— | our— | Judge.
H.—We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants, ‖ whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood.
Make them to be numbered | with thy | Saints, ‖ in | glory | ever- | lasting.
G.—O Lord, | save thy | people, ‖ and | bless thine | heri- | tage.
—— | Govern | them, ‖ and | lift them | up for- | ever.
D.—Day by day we | magnify | thee; ‖ And we worship thy Name ever, | world with- | out— | end.
H.—Vouch- | safe, O | Lord, ‖ to keep us this | day with- | out— | sin.
O Lord, have mercy up- | on— | us, ‖ have | mer-cy up | on— | us.
A.—O Lord, let thy mercy be up- | on— | us, ‖ as our | trust— | is in | thee.
B.—O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted; ‖ let me never | be con- | found- | ed.

* *Repeat the first half of the chant.*

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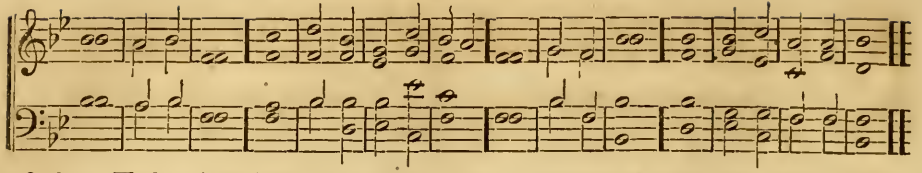


O all ye Works of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

O ye Angels of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Heavens, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Waters that be above the firmament, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Sun and Moon, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Stars of Heaven, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Showers and Dew, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Winds of God, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Fire and Heat, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Winter and Summer, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Dews and Frosts, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Frost and Cold, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Ice and Snow, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Nights and Days, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Light and Darkness, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O, let the Earth | bless the | Lord; ‖ Yea, let it praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

O ye Mountains and Hills, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O all ye Green Things upon the earth, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Wells, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise, &c.

O ye Seas and Floods, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Whales, and all that move in the waters, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O all ye Fowls of the air, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O all ye Beasts and Cattle, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Children of Men, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

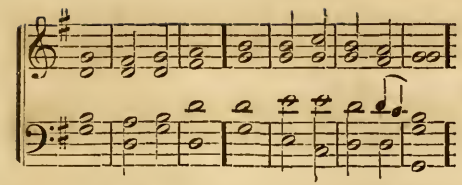
O let Israel | bless the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Priests of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye Servants of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

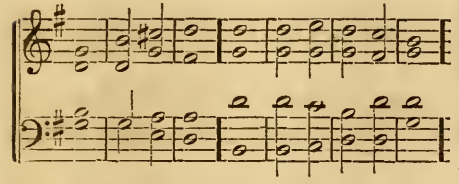
O ye Spirits and Souls of the righteous, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.

O ye holy and humble Men of heart, bless | ye the | Lord; ‖ Praise him, &c.



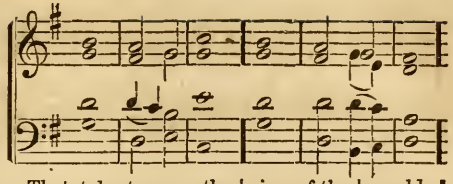
Glory be to | God on | high; | and on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.

We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, | we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee, for | thy great | glory,



O Lord God, | heavenly | King, | God the | Father | Al— | mighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, | O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father

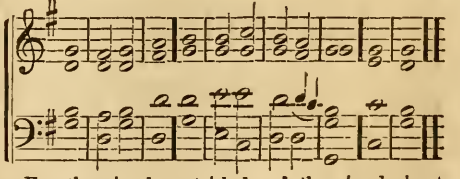


That takest away the | sins. of the | world, | have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins. of the | world, | have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins. of the | world, | re— | ceive our | prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, | have mercy | upon | us.

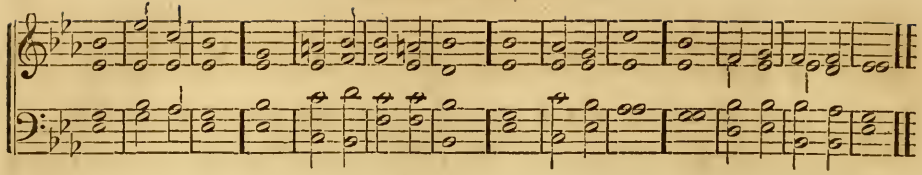


For thou | only art | holy, | thou | only | art the | Lord;

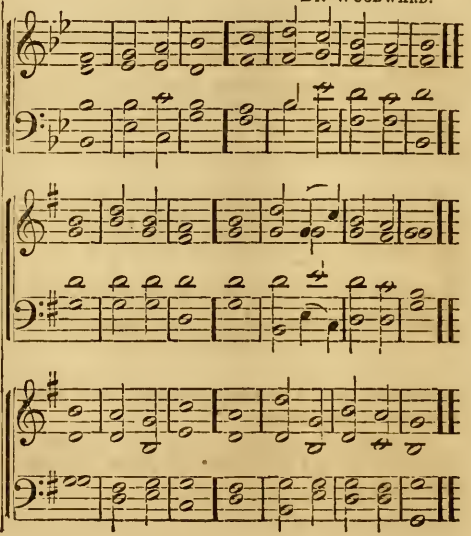
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, | art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. | A | men.

Jubilate Deo.

ROBINSON.



Dr. WOODWARD.



O be joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands; | serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | presence | with a | song.

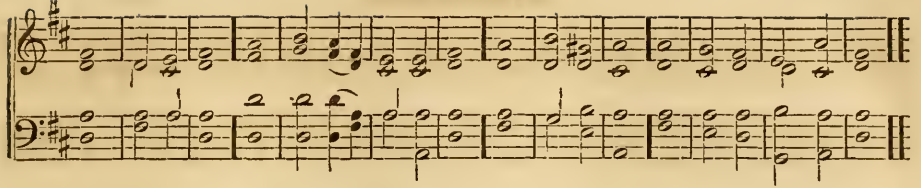
Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God; | it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and the | sheep of his | pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; | be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | Name.

For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever | lasting; | and his truth endureth from gener- | ation to | gener- | ation. *Psalm* 100.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, | world | without | end. A | men.



Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel; | for he hath visited, | and re- | deemed his | people;

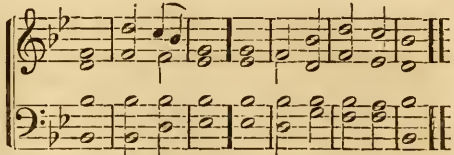
And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us, | in the house | of his | servant | David;

As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | Prophets, | which have been | since the | world be- | gan;

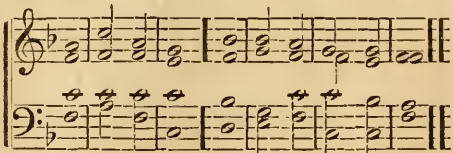
That we should be saved | from our | enemies | and from the | hand of | all that | hate us.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

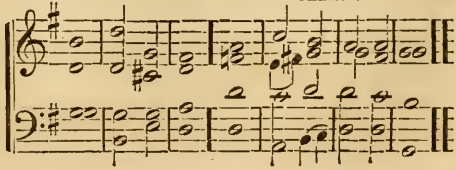
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, | world | without | end. A- | men.

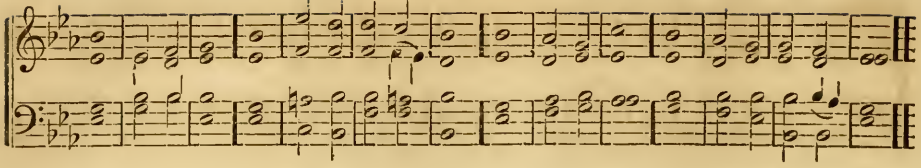


LEE.



CHRIS. GIBBONS.





O sing unto the | Lord a new | song; | for | he hath done | marvellous | things.

With his own right hand, and with his | holy | arm | hath he | gotten him- | self the | victory.

The Lord declared | his sal- | vation; | his righteousness hath he openly showed | in the | sight of the | heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and truth towards the | house of | Israel; | and all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands; | sing, re- | joice, and | give— | thanks.

Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp; | sing to the harp with a | psalm of | thanks— | giving.

With trumpets, | also and | shawms, | O show yourselves joyful be | fore the | Lord, the | King.

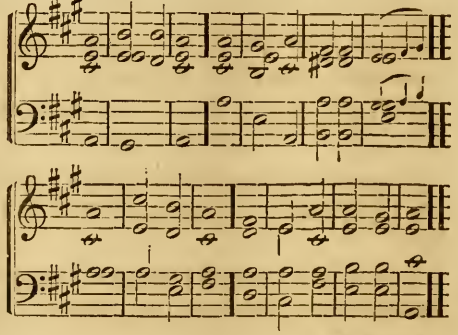
Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is; | the round world, and | they that | dwell there | in.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be | fore the | Lord, | for he | cometh to | judge the | earth.

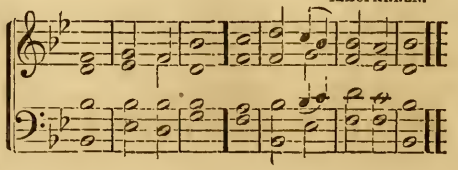
With righteousness shall he | judge the | world, | and the | people | with— | equity.

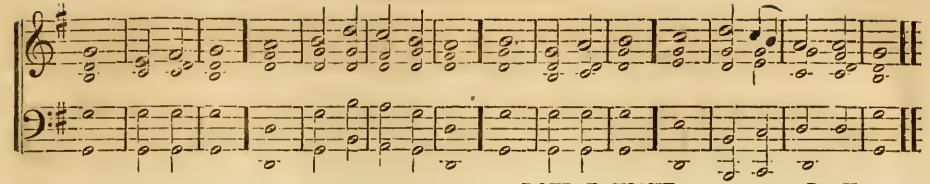
GLORIA PATRI. *Psalm* 98.

UNISON CHANT. *Gregorian Eighth Tone.*



MACFARREN.





O sing unto the | Lord a. new | song; | for | he hath. done | marvellous | things.

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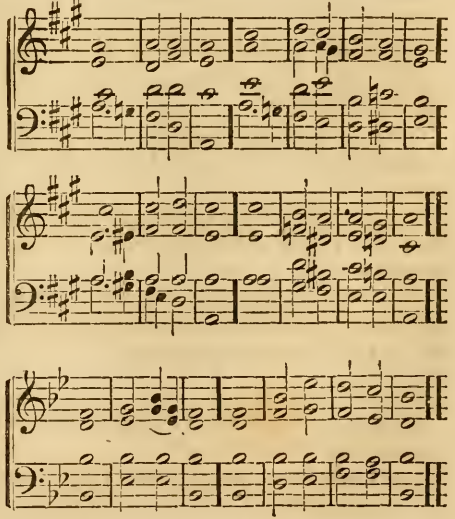
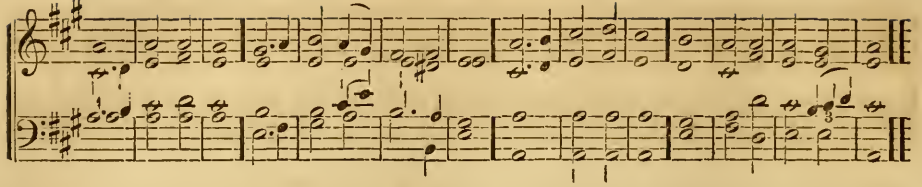
With righteousness shall he | judge the | world, | and the | people | with— | equity.

GLORIA PATRI. *Psalm* 98.

DOUBLE CHANT. DR. HODGES.



Bonum est Confiteri.



It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord, | and to sing praises unto thy | Name, O | Most— | Highest;

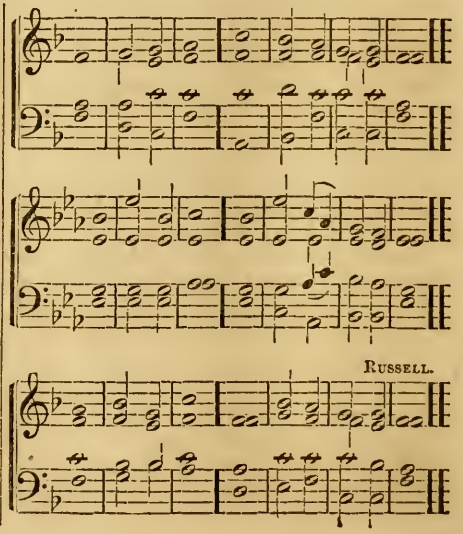
To tell of thy loving kindness early | in the | morning, | and of thy | truth in the | night— | season;

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute; | upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp.

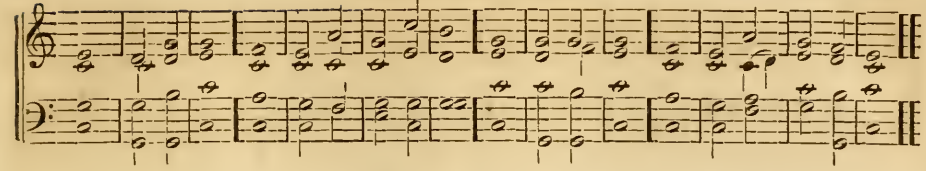
For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works; | and I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | rations | of thy | hands.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, | world | without | end. A- | men.



RUSSELL.



God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us, | and show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci- | ful un- | to us;

That thy way may be | known upon | earth; | thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

Let the people praise | thee, O | God: | yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice, | and be | glad; | for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.

Let the people praise | thee, O | God; | yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.

Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; | and God, even our own | God, shall | give us his | blessing

God | —shall | bless us; | and all the ends of the | world shall | fear— | him. *Psalm* 67.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

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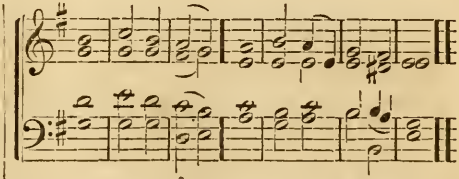
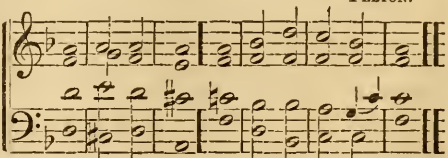
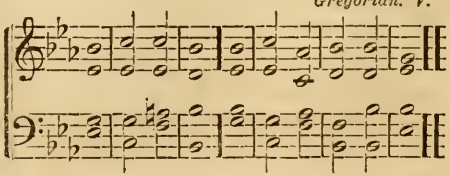
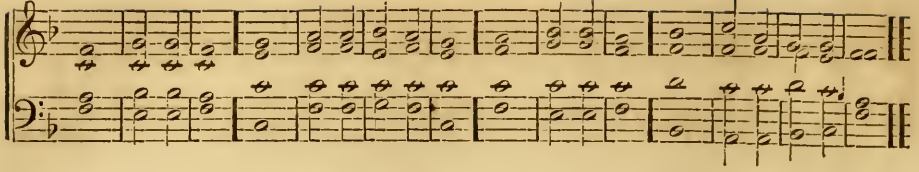


Felton.



Gregorian. V.





God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us, | and show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci- | ful un- | to us;

That thy way may be | known upon | earth; | thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

Let the people praise | thee, O | God; | yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.

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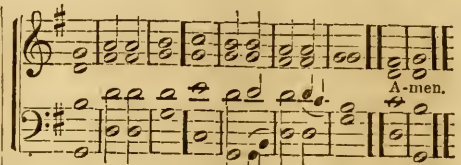
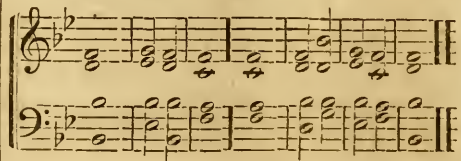
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

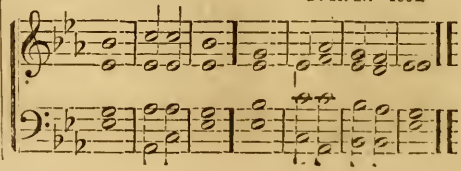
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, | world | without | end. A | men.

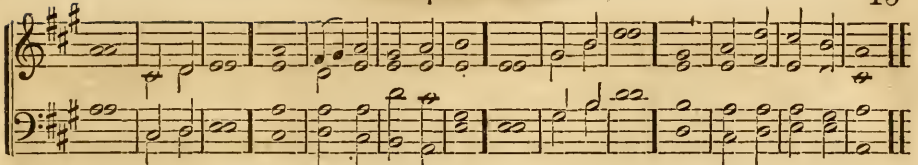


Grand Chant in the Tenor.



F. H. N. 1864.





Praise the Lord, | O my | soul; | and all that is within me | praise his | holy | Name.

Praise the Lord, | O my | soul; | and for- | get not | all his | benefits;

Who forgiveth | all thy | sin, | and | healeth. all | thine in- | firmities;

Who saveth thy | life. from de- | struction; | and crowneth thee with | mercy. and | loving- | kindness.

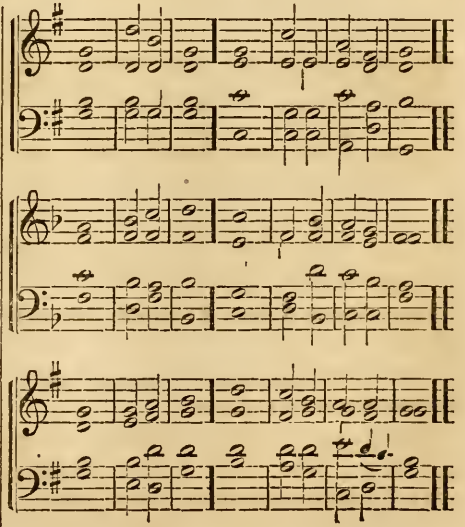
O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength, | ye that fulfill his commandment, and hearken unto the | voice of | his — | word.

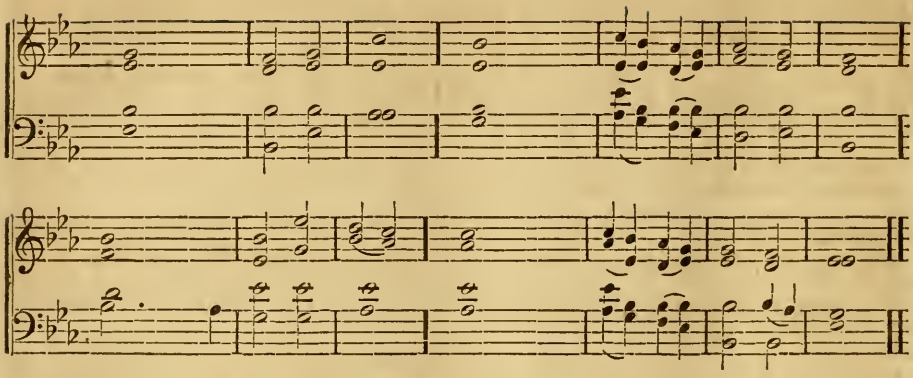
O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts; | ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of | his do- | minion; | praise thou the | Lord, — | O my | soul.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, | world | without | end. A | men.





My soul doth magni- | fy the | Lord, ‖ and my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God, my | Saviour.

For he | hath re- | garded ‖ the lowli- | ness of | his hand- | maiden.

For behold, | from henee- | forth ‖ all genc- | rations shall | eall me | blessed.

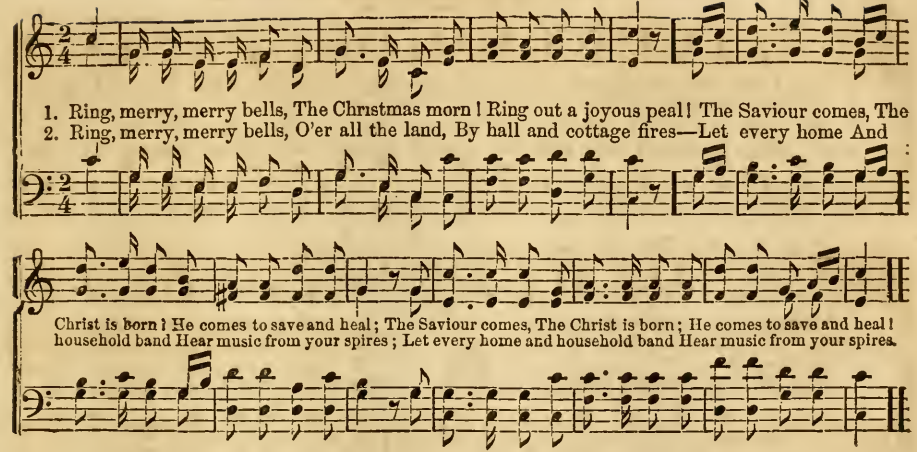
For he that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy | is his | Name, ‖ and his mercy is on them that fear him through- | out all | genc- | rations.

He hath showed strength | with his | arm; ‖ he hath scattered the proud in the imagi- | nation | of their | hearts.

He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats, ‖ and hath exalted the | humble | and the | meek.

He hath filled the hungry | with good | things, ‖ and the rich he | hath sent | empty a- | way.

He, remembering his mercy, hath holpen his | servant, | Israel, ‖ as he promised to our fore-fathers, Abraham | and his | seed, for | ever.



3. Ring, merry, merry bells!
There cometh here
The wondrous truth, at last.
By ancient king
And kingly seer,
So longed-for, ages past!

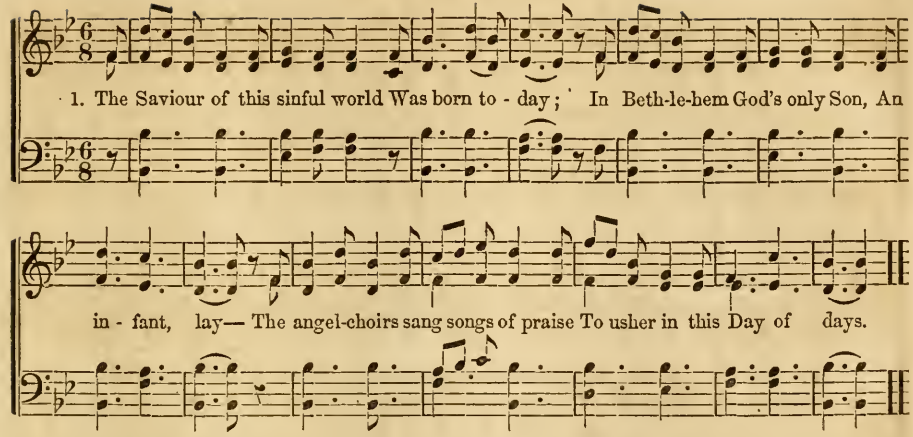
4. Ring, merry, merry bells!
Let hill and vale,
Through all the festal day,
In notes of joy
Repeat the tale
Of Christ, the Living Way

5. Ring, merry, merry bells!
Our heavy load
We lay, rejoicing, down;
For by his cross
We gain the road
To our eternal crown.

6. Ring. merry, merry bells!
Your carols pour,
Nor let your gladness cease:
The Wonderful!
The Counsellor!
The mighty Prince of Peace!

Maria Mason.

Hark, hark! the sweet, sweet Chiming.



2. The Virgin Mary swathed her boy
With tender care,
And placed him in the manger low,
To slumber there,
While angel choirs sang songs of praise
To usher in this Day of days.

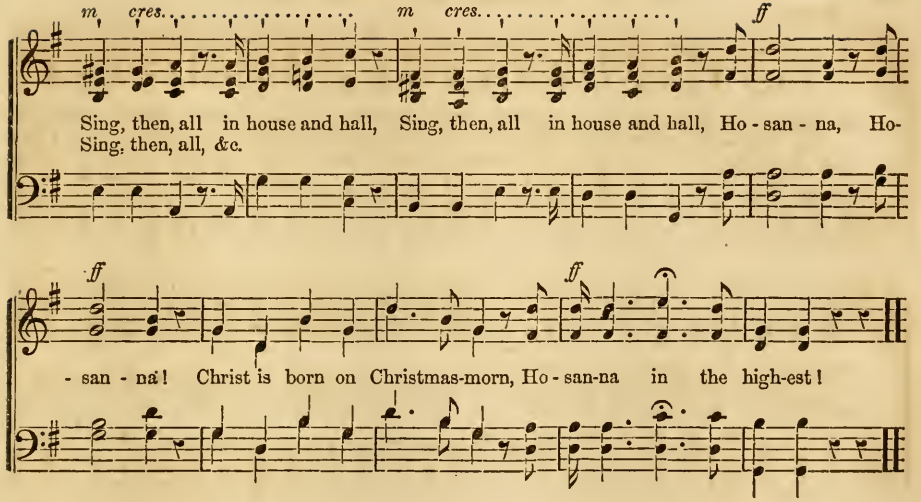
3. The midnight watchers with their flocks
Great glory saw,
And trembling at the wondrous scene,
Bowed down with awe,
While angel choirs sang songs of praise
To usher in this Day of days.

4. The shepherds quickly went their way,
And found the child;
What wonder did their story cause
The mother mild,
As th' angels rose to heaven with praise
To celebrate this Day of days.

5. Since then long years have rolled away,
And round the earth
Has oft been sung by myriad tongues
This glorious birth.
Come, Christian children, swell the praise
That ushers in this Day of days.

Hail to the Morn.

J. A. P., 1864.



3.

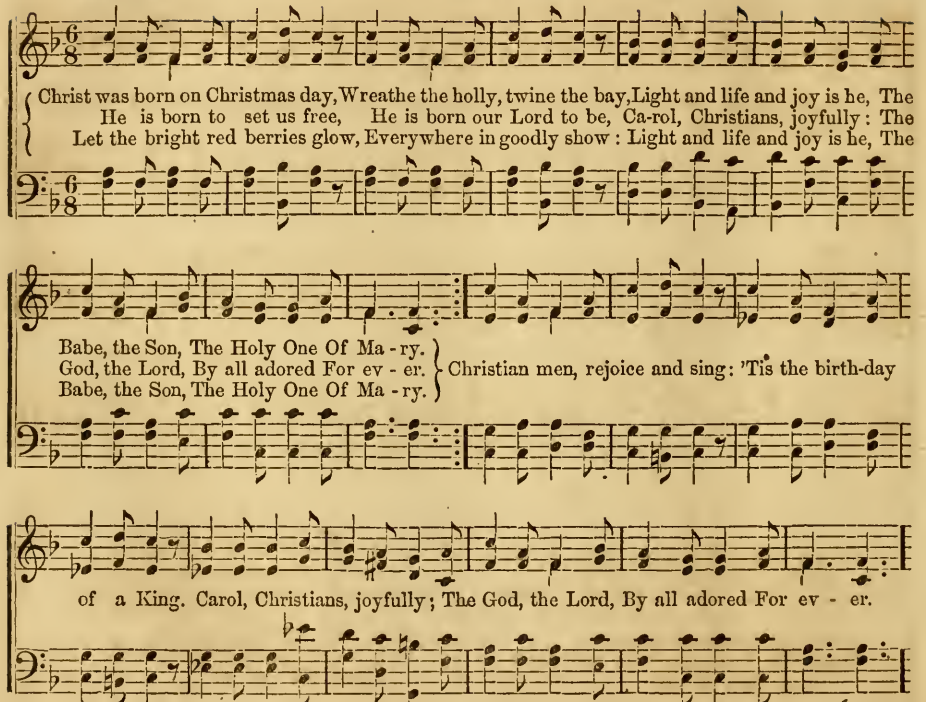
Boughs of the holly this day adorn;
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
Sharp are the leaves as crowns of thorn;
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
See in the berries, all blood-red,
Blood, that for us this Babe shall shed.
Sing, then, all, &c.

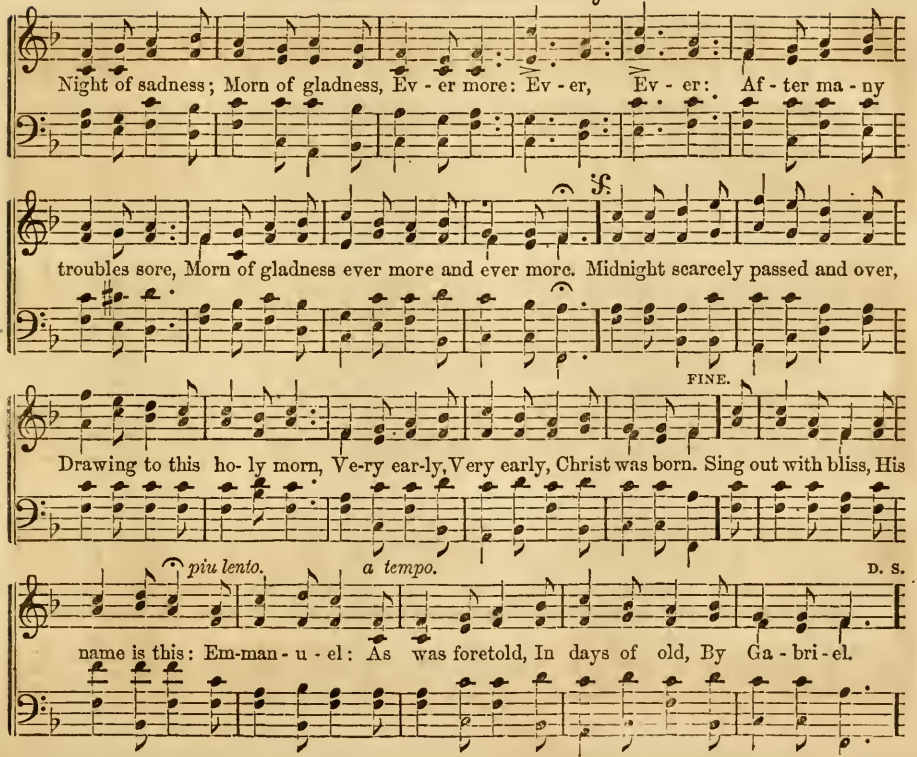
4.

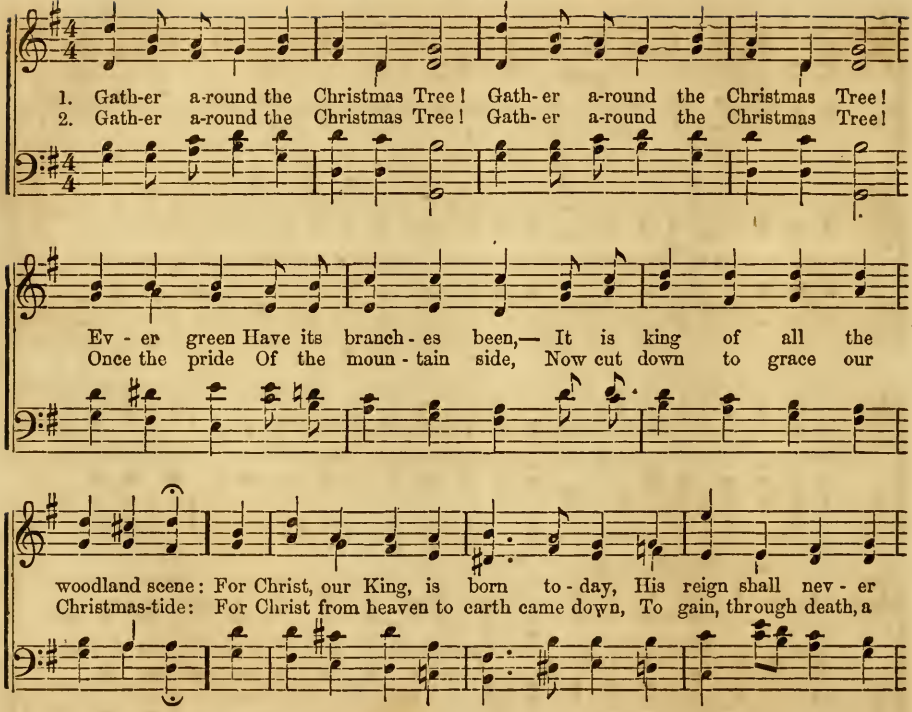
Laurel and bay bring forth to-day;
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
Matchless his might in deadly fight;
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
Hail to the Child Immanuel!
Conqueror is He of death and hell.
Sing, then, all, &c.

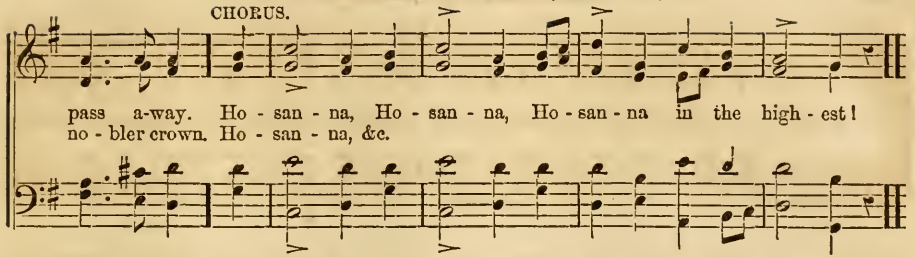
Christ was born on Christmas Day.

Maestoso.




Night of sadness; Morn of gladness, Ev - er more: Ev - er, Ev - er: Af - ter ma - ny
troubles sore, Morn of gladness ever more and ever more. Midnight scarcely passed and over,
FINE.
Drawing to this ho- ly morn, Ve-ry ear-ly, Very early, Christ was born. Sing out with bliss, His
piu lento.
a tempo.
D. S.
name is this: Em-man - u - el: As was foretold, In days of old, By Ga - bri - el.


1. Gath-er a-round the Christmas Tree! Gath-er a-round the Christmas Tree!
2. Gath-er a-round the Christmas Tree! Gath-er a-round the Christmas Tree!
Ev - er green Have its branch - es been,— It is king of all the
Once the pride Of the moun - tain side, Now cut down to grace our
woodland scene: For Christ, our King, is born to - day, His reign shall nev - er
Christmas-tide: For Christ from heaven to earth came down, To gain, through death, a



3. Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Every bough Bears a burden now,
They are gifts of love for us, we trow;
For Christ is born, his love to show,
And give good gifts to men below.
Hosanna, &c.

4. Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Tapers bright In the branches light,
Till our eyes all shine at the goodly sight,
For Christ, our Light, is born to-day,
His glory ne'er shall fade away.
Hosanna, &c.

Oh, Sing To-day!

MUSIC.—"*The morning bright.*"

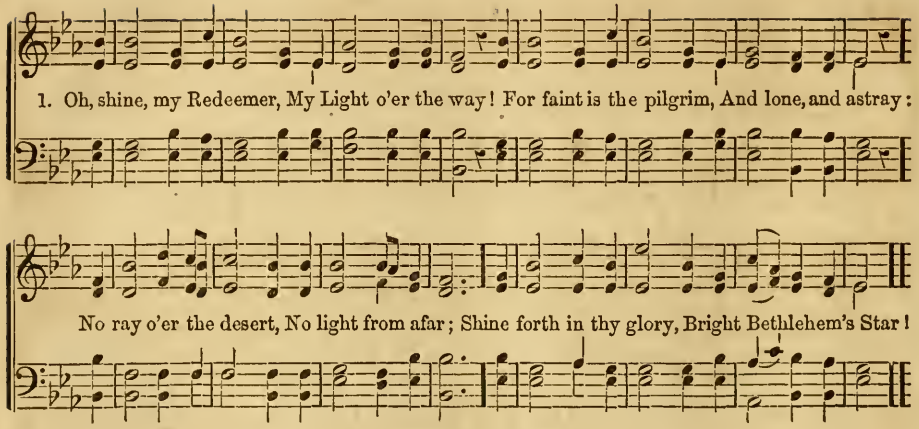
1. Oh! sing to-day
A sweet, glad lay,
For angels in the sky
Begin to sing:
Christ comes, our King;
Glory to God most high!

2. Yes, wake again
The happy strain
That tells of Jesus' Birth;
To-day he's here
To bless and cheer
His little ones on earth.

3. Loud anthems sing,
Messiah is King,
Though in a manger sleeps;
With gentle hands
O'er his dear lambs
A loving guard he keeps.

4. Our praises rise
And reach the skies
For all our sins forgiven;
His cross we'll bear,
His love we'll share;
Then sing to him in heaven! *E. A. B.*

Oh, shine, my Redeemer!



2. Long blazed the fierce sunlight,
   And toiling I went;
   Now night falleth, chilling,—
   My courage is spent:
   These shadows of darkness,
   How fearful they are!
   Shine forth in thy glory,
   Bright Bethlehem's Star.

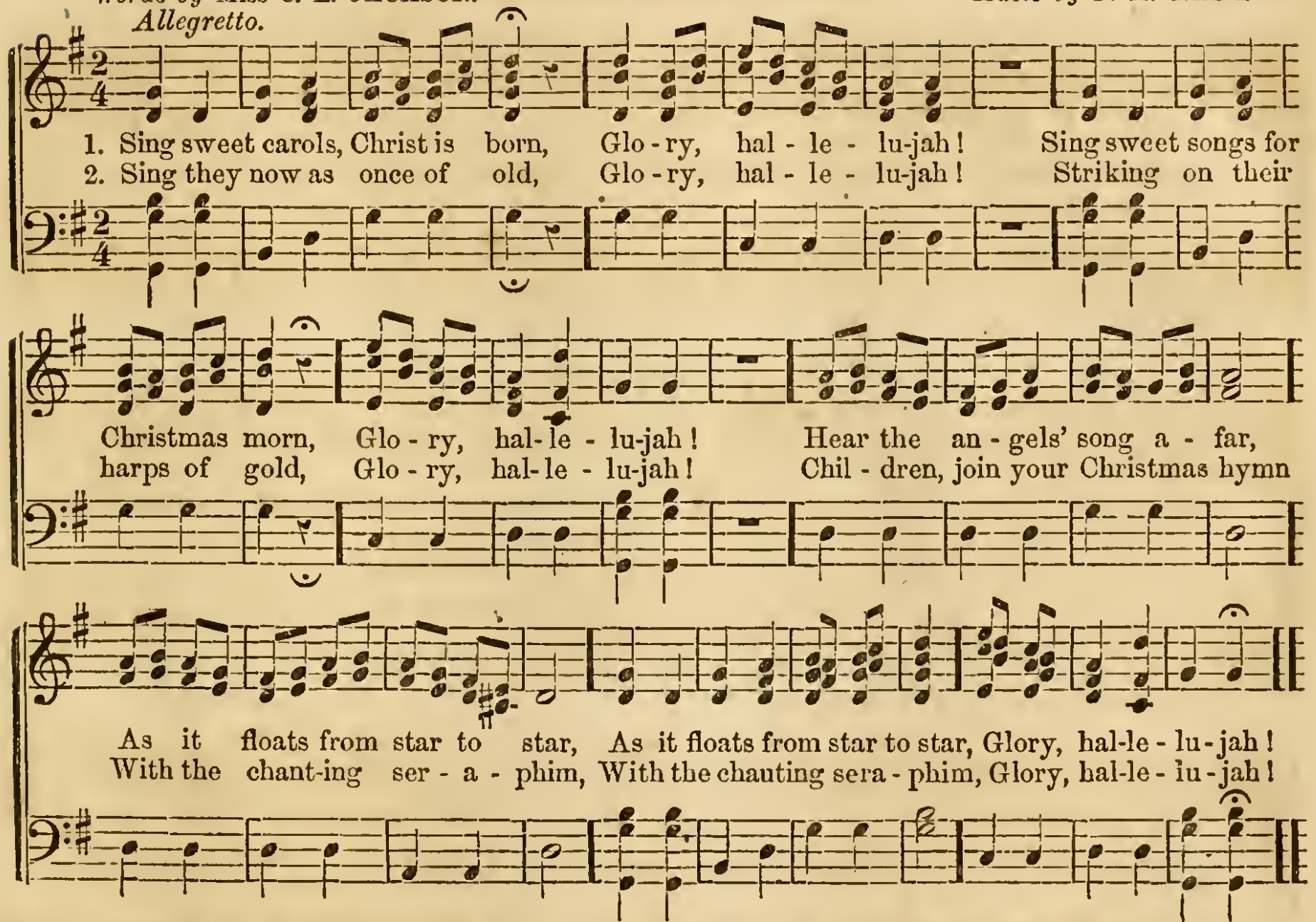
3. 'T is said—and the midnight
   Is breaking away!
   See, soft, through the shadows,
   Pours mercy's mild ray!
   Now smileth the pilgrim
   To greet thee from far;
   All hail to thy glory,
   Bright Bethlehem's Star!

Rt. Rev. A. C. Coxe.

Sing sweet Carols.

Words by Miss C. L. JACKSON. *Music by* F. H. NASH.

Allegretto.

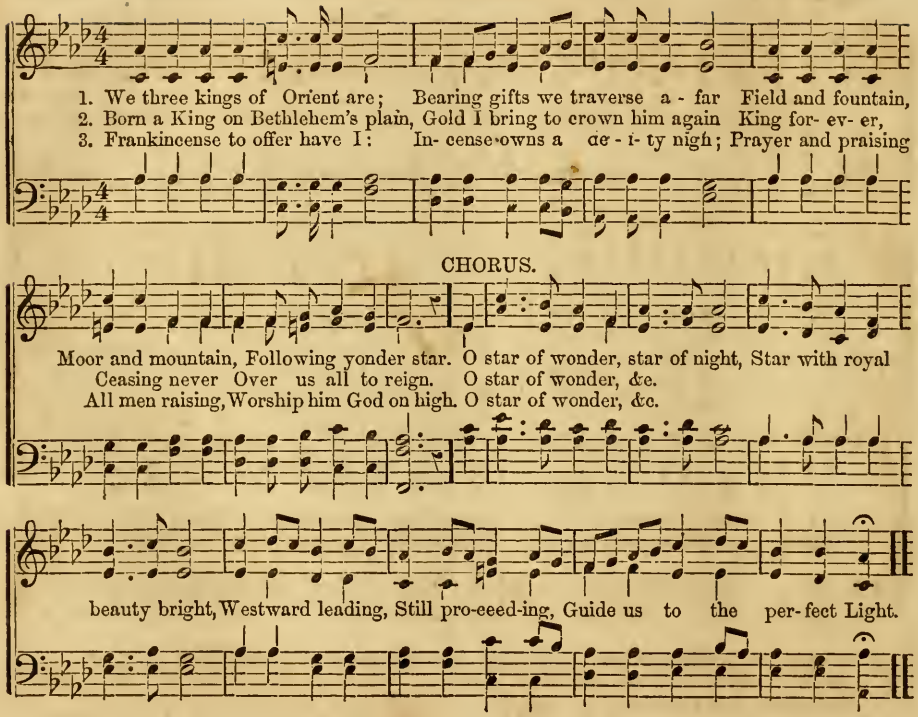


3. Through the silent skies afar, Glory, &c.
See his bright and shining star, Glory, &c.
As it shone long years ago,
‖: On Judea's hills of snow, :‖ Glory, &c.

4. Jesus once a little child, Glory, &c.
Guide us by thy Spirit mild, Glory, &c.
Till our Christmas songs we sing
‖: In the city of our King, :‖ Glory, &c.

We three Kings of Orient are.

E. W. Kellogg.

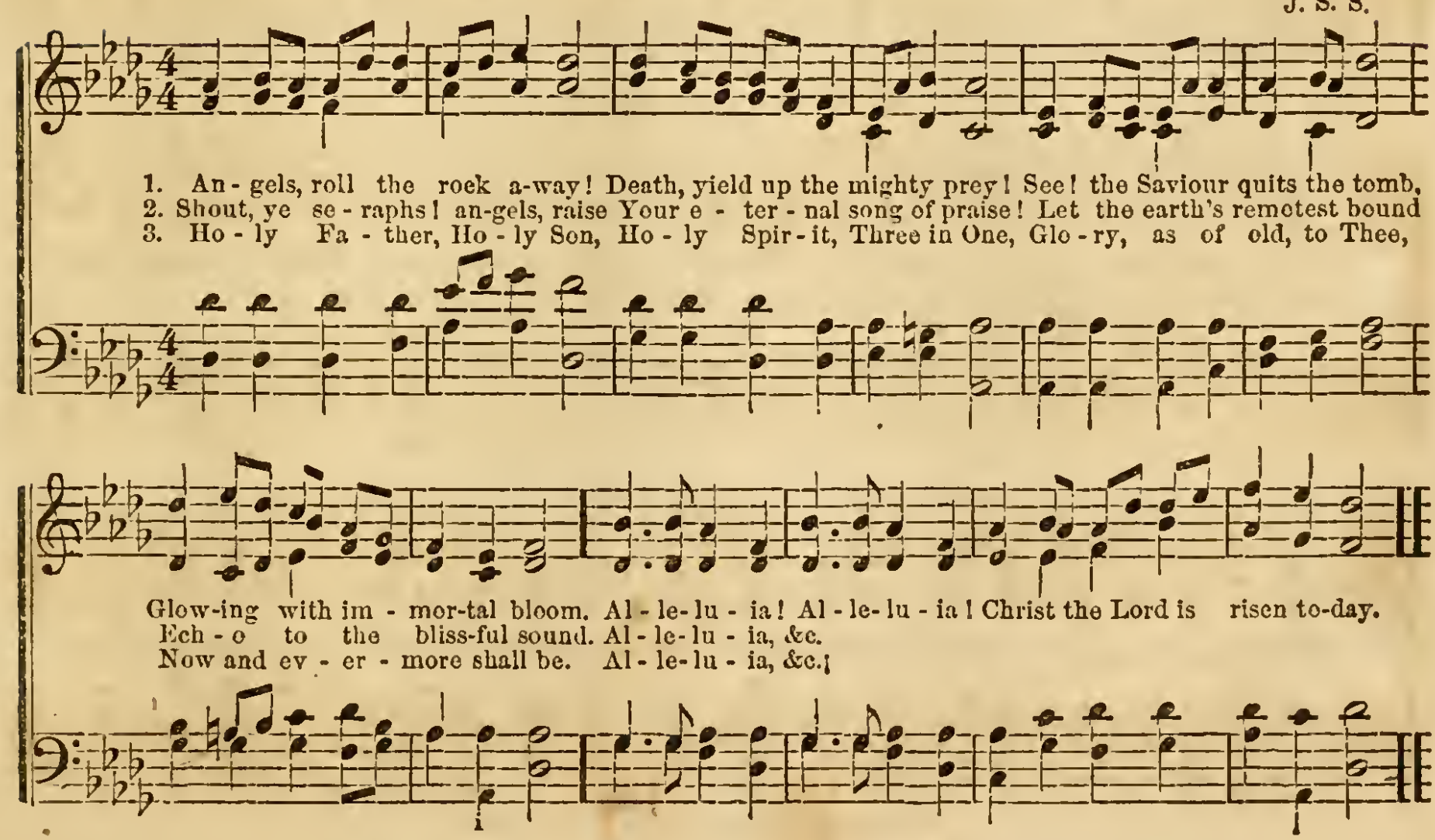


4. Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom—
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
Cho.—O star of wonder, &c.

5. Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and sacrifice;
Heaven singing
Hallelujah;
Joyous the earth replies.
Cho.—O star of wonder, &c.

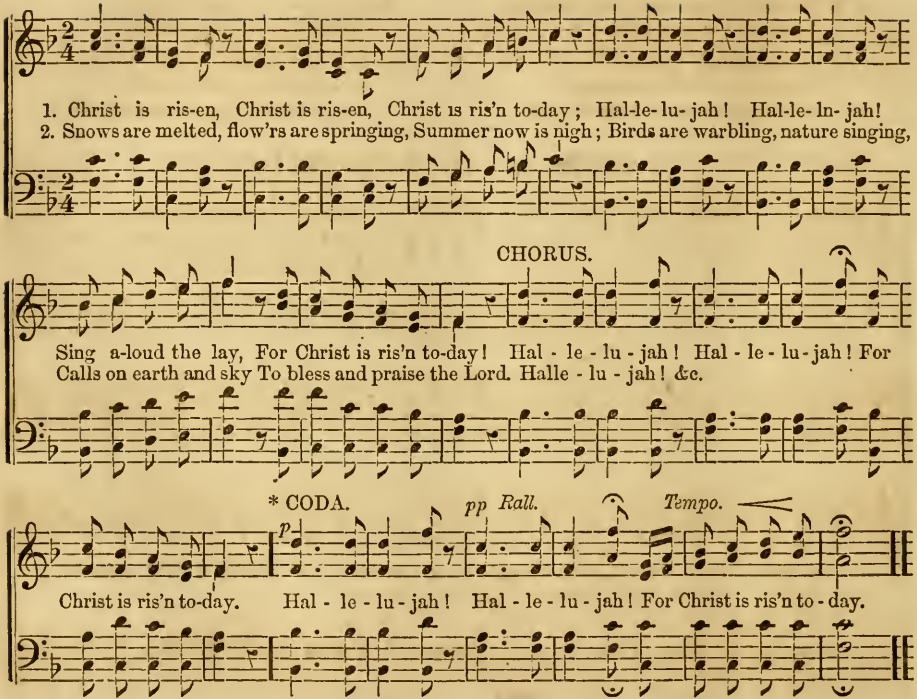
Angels, roll the Rock away!

J. S. S.



Christ is risen.

Rev. E. A. BRADLEY.



* To be used after Chorus in last verse.

3. Twine sweet blossoms, wreath the altar,
Deck the Temple's shrine;
Prayers are breathing, odors mingling,
Heaven and earth combine
To fill our hearts with joy.—*Cho.*

4. Lenten sadness, tears and sighing,
Now are passed away;
Hearts are leaping, tongues repeating,
On this glorious day,
Glad songs of love and joy.—*Cho.*

5. Satan's power, sin and sorrow,
Death, the grave, and hell,
Now are conquered; and victorious,
High in heaven, shall dwell
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.—*Cho.*

6. Angel music, seraph voices
Greet us in life's way;
Jesus, risen, goes before us,
Spreads our feast to-day,
And points to heaven above.—*Cho.*

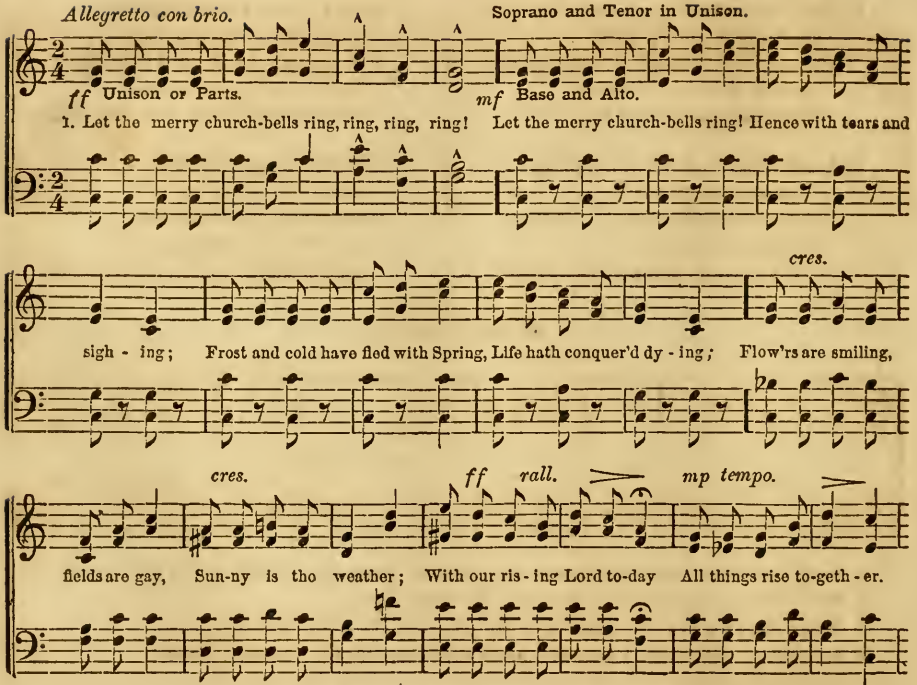
Nunc Dimittis.

1. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant de- | part in | peace ‖ ac- | cording | to thy | word.
2. For | mine — | eyes ‖ have | seen — | thy sal- | vation;
3. Which thou | hast pre- | pared ‖ before the | face of | all — | people;
4. A light to | lighten the | Gentiles, ‖ and the glory | of thy | people | Israel.

GLORIA PATRI.

Let the merry Church-bells ring.

Music by GEO. WM. WARREN, 1863.



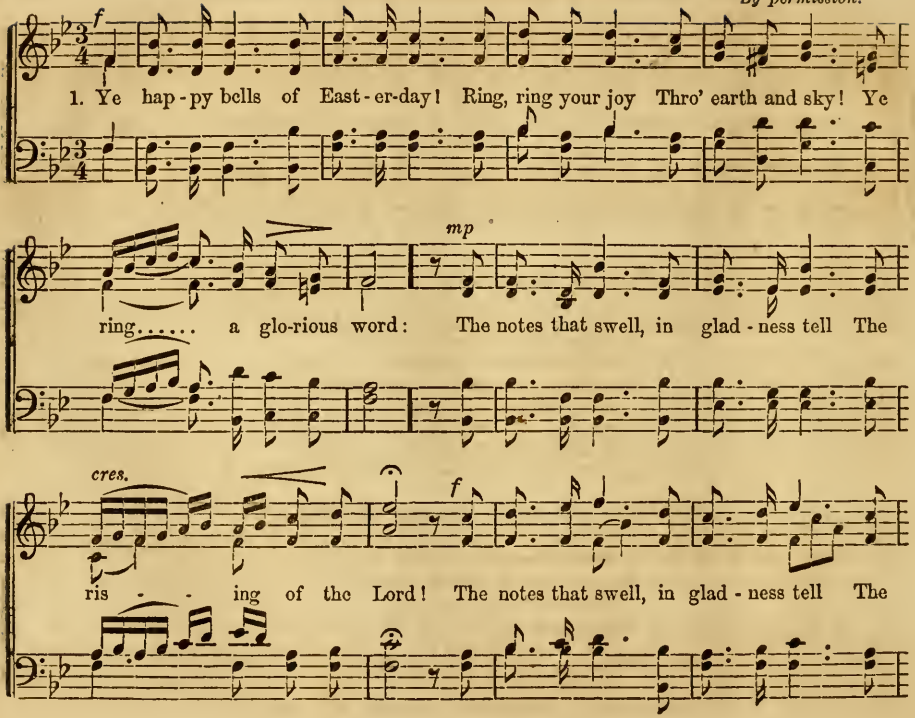
From "Five Easter Carols," By permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co.

2. Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring!
Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising him with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple:
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.
‖: Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! :‖

3. Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring!
Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth:
Mourning hearts must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it;
Since the very grave can say,
Christus resurrexit.
‖: Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! :‖

Ye happy Bells.

By permission.



2. Ye carol-bells of Easter-day!
The teeming earth,
That saw his birth
When lying 'neath the sword,
Upspringeth now in joy, to show
The rising of the Lord!

3. Ye glory-bells of Easter-day!
The hills that rise
Against the skies,
Re-echo with the word—
The victor-breath that conquers death—
The rising of the Lord!

4. Ye passion-bells of Easter-day!
The bitter cup
He lifted up,
Salvation to afford.
Ye saintly bells! your passion tells
The rising of the Lord!

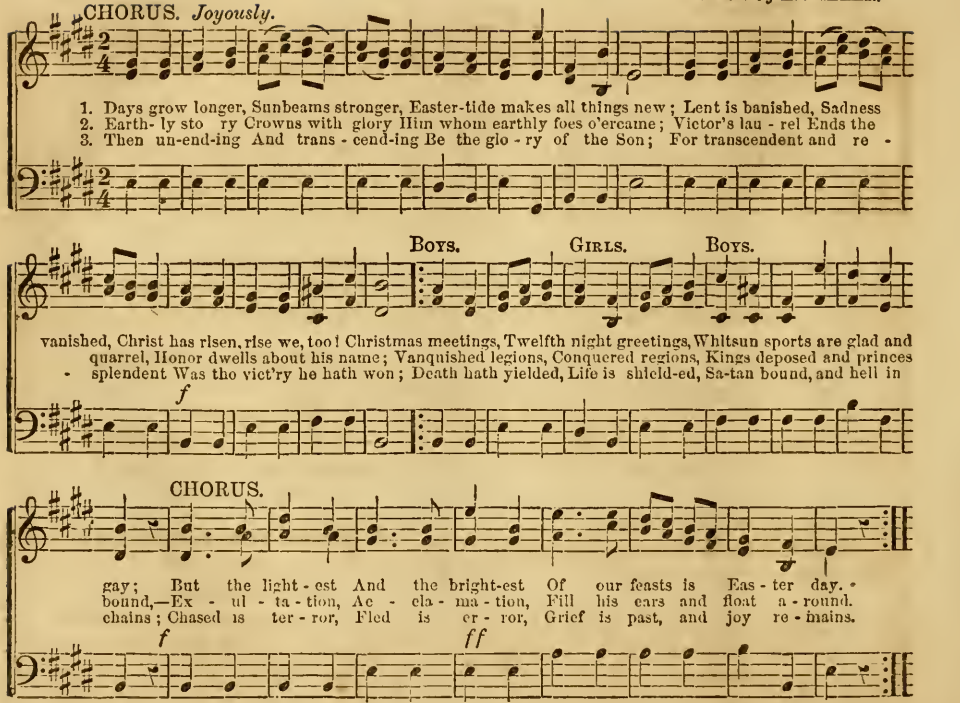
5. Ye mercy-bells of Easter-day!
His tender side
Was riven wide,
Where floods of mercy poured;
Redeeméd clay doth sing to-day
The rising of the Lord!

6. Ye victor-bells of Easter-day!
The thorny crown
He layeth down:
Ring, ring! with strong accord—
The mighty strain of love and pain,
The rising of the Lord!

Maria Mason.

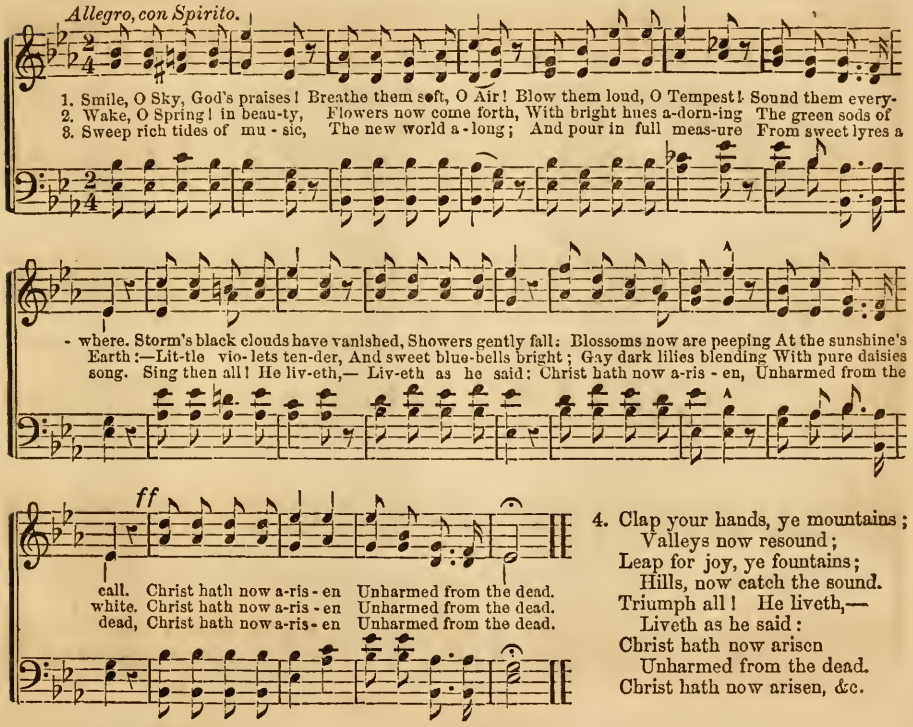
Days grow longer.

Music by E. MILLER.



Smile, O Sky, God's Praises!

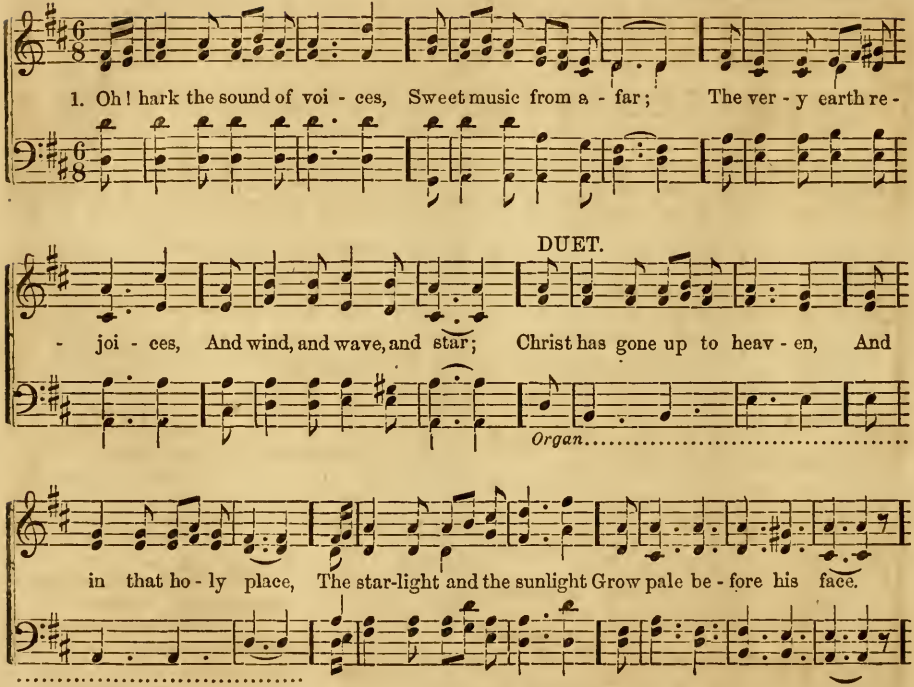
Words from the Latin. REV. E. A. BRADLEY.

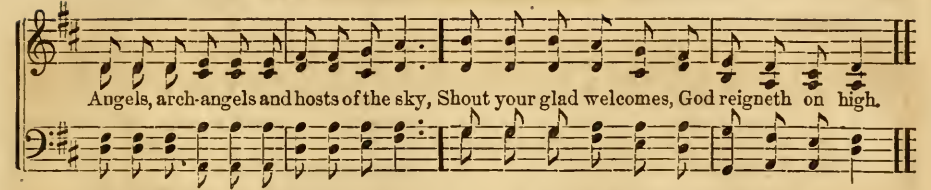


4. Clap your hands, ye mountains;
Valleys now resound;
Leap for joy, ye fountains;
Hills, now catch the sound.
Triumph all! He liveth,—
Liveth as he said:
Christ hath now arisen
Unharmed from the dead.
Christ hath now arisen, &c.

Oh! hark the sound of voices.

FREDERICK H. NASH.





2. The cloud is on the mountain
Where Jesus' feet have trod;
Why stand ye gazing upward?
He has gone home to God:
The glory of his presence
Has faded from us now,
From Jordan's crystal waters
And Olivet's calm brow.

3. Oh ye who seek for Jesus,
Our Lord shall come again;
His light shall gild the mountain,
But no man knoweth when.
Lord Jesus, keep thy children
Until this life is done,
The cross laid down forever,
The Crown and palm-branch won.

Caroline L. Jackson.

Sing sweet Carols, Night is past.

Music.—"*Sing sweet carols, Christ is born.*"

1. Sing sweet carols, night is past,
Glory, Hallelujah!
Easter sunlight breaks at last,
Glory, Hallelujah!
Hear the angels' song afar,
As it floats from star to star,
Glory, Hallelujah!

2. Sing they now as once of old,
Glory, Hallelujah!
Striking on their harps of gold;—
Glory, Hallelujah!
Children join your Easter hymn,
With the chanting seraphim.
Glory, Hallelujah!

3. In the spring-time's early bloom,
Glory, Hallelujah!
Christ has risen from the tomb;
Glory, Hallelujah!
With the fairest flowers of spring
Let us welcome Christ our King.
Glory, Hallelujah!

4. Jesus, by thy holy arm,
Glory, Hallelujah!
Keep thy little ones from harm.
Glory, Hallelujah!
Till our Easter songs we sing
In the city of our King.
Glory, Hallelujah!

Though often here we're weary.

From the "DIAPASON."

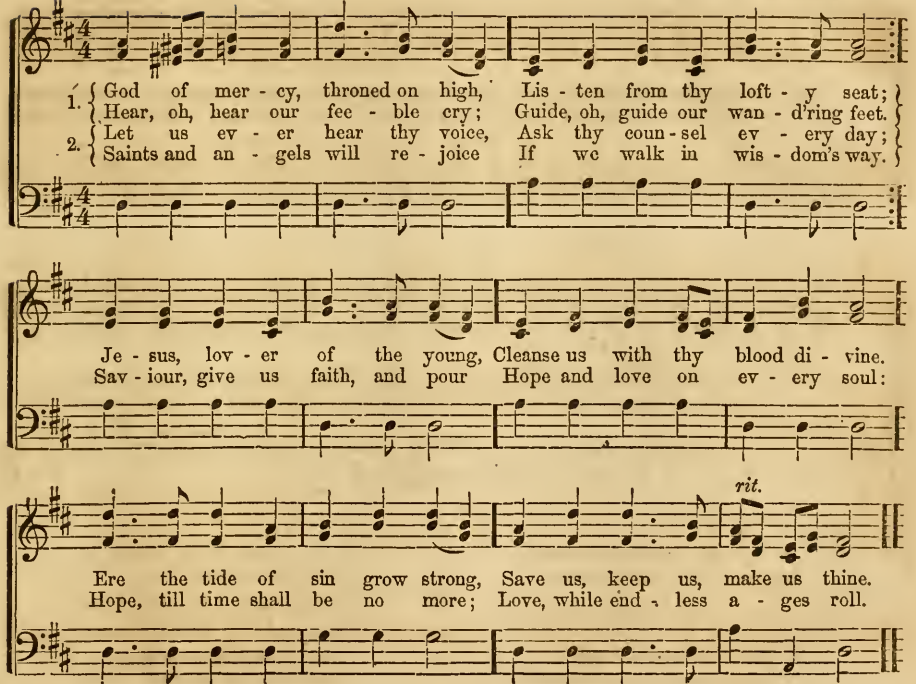
Moderato.

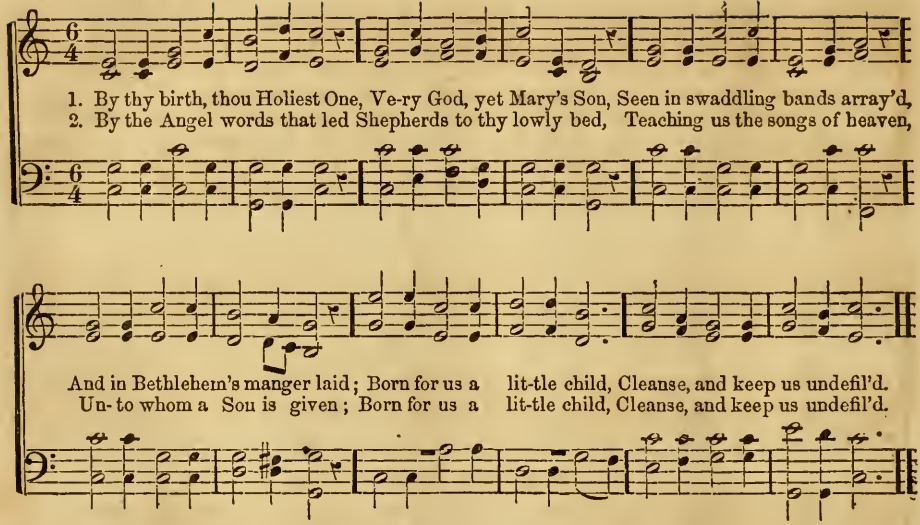
4. Our Saviour will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end,
In every sore affliction,
His present help to lend.

5. He never will grow weary,
Though often we request;
He'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest.

God of Mercy, throned on high.

Miss H. J. HUBBARD.





3. By thy duteous reverence still
Subject to thy parents' will,
Winning both from God and man
Favor such as childhood can.
Born for us a little child,
Cleanse, and keep us undefil'd.

4. Look upon us, Lord, for we
Ask but to resemble thee,
Treading in thy footsteps here,
Walking in our Father's fear,
Lowly, loving, undefil'd,
Followers of the Holy Child

Sing, my Soul, His wondrous Love.

H. S. NEWELL.

3. God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4. Sing, my soul, adore his Name;
Let his glory be thy theme:
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

At the golden Rise of Day.

1. At the golden rise of day,
Humbly, God! to thee we pray;
Uncreated Source of light,
Guide our thoughts and words aright.

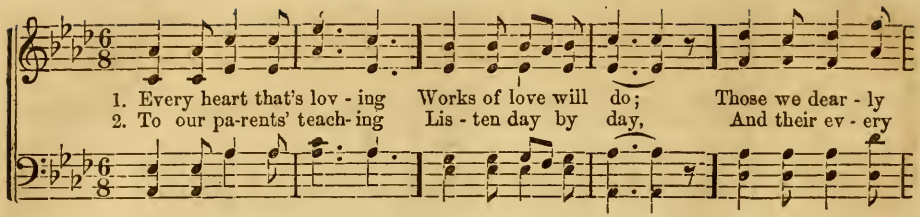
2. As the glowing hours speed on,
Shield us, Christ! eternal Son;
Throw thy Gospel's sure defence
Round the leaguer'd gates of sense.

3. Holy Spirit! let thy ray
Light our footsteps, day by day;
Prompt us what we ought to do,
What to shun, and what pursue.

4. Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, three in one;
Glory as of old to thee,
Now and evermore shall be.

Every Heart that's loving.

A. HINCKLEY.



3. For when, in his childhood,
Our dear Lord was here,
He, too, was obedient
To his parents dear.

4. And his little children
Must be good as he—
Gentle and submissive
As he used to be.

Jesu, Meek and Gentle.

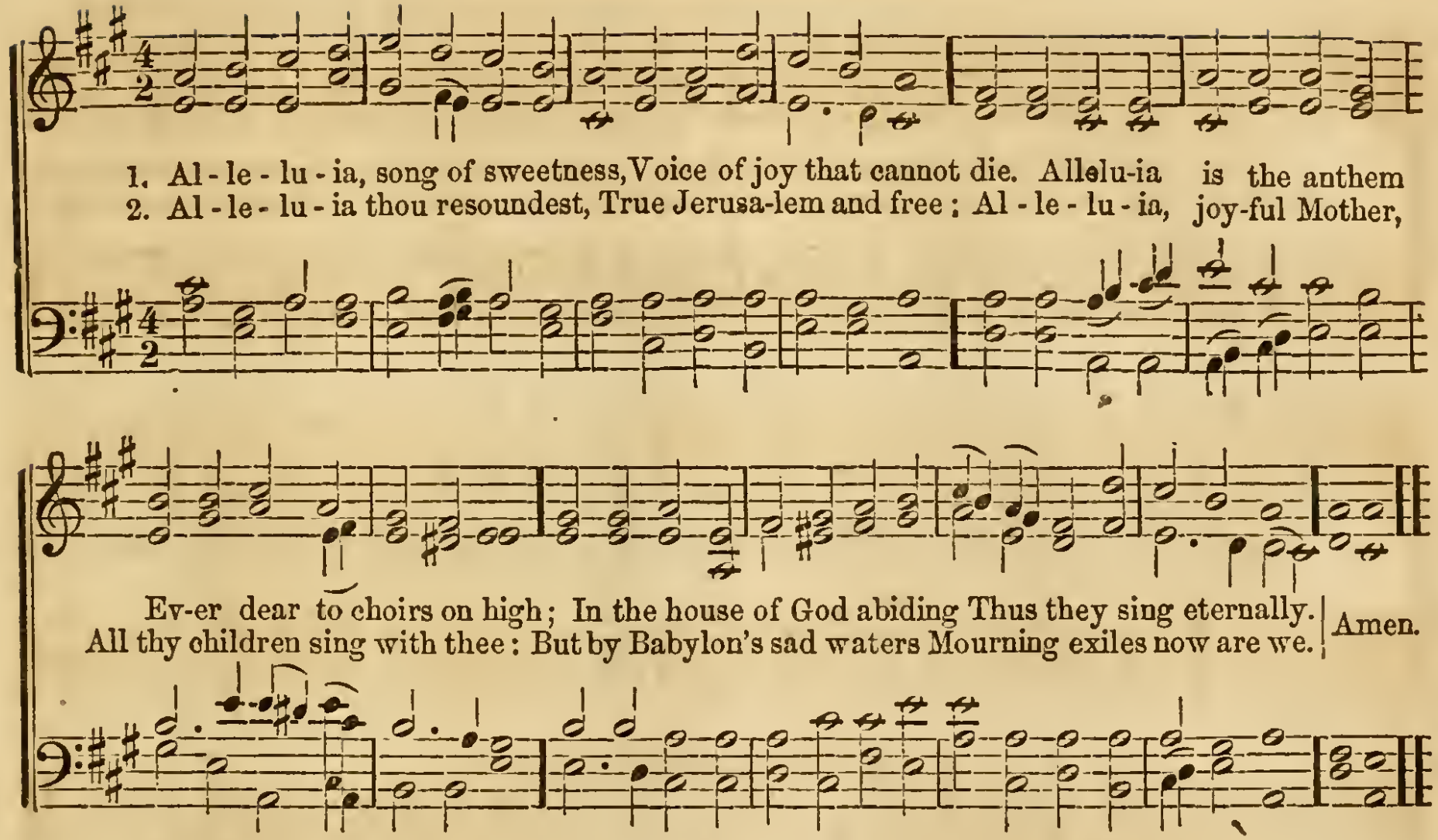
1. Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

2. Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3. Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4. Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5. Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.



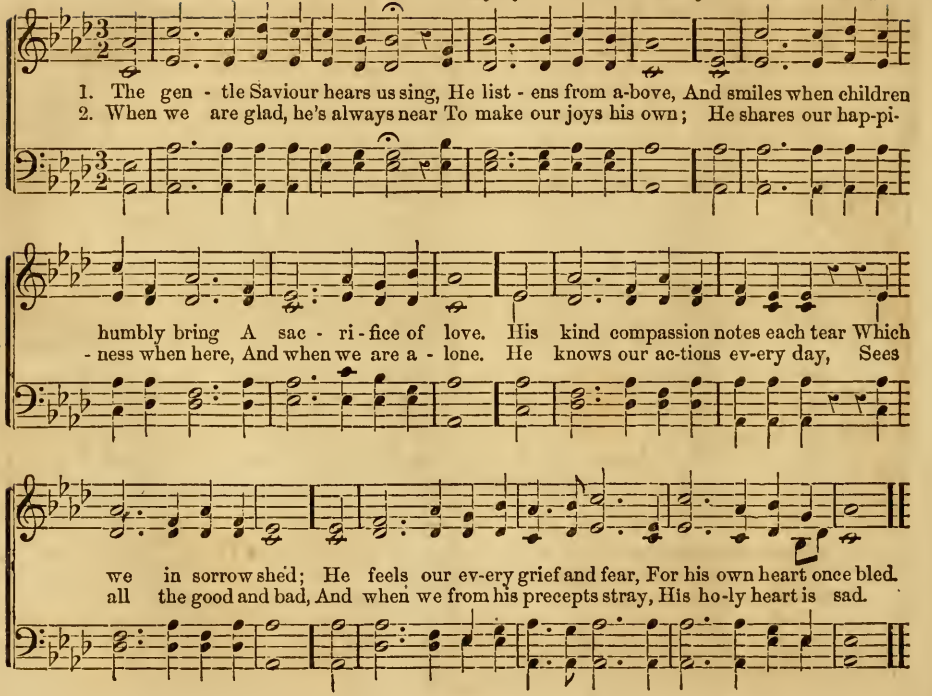
3. Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4. Therefore in our hymns we pray thee,
Grant us, blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep thine Easter,
In our Home beyond the sky:
There to thee for ever singing
Alleluias joyfully. Amen.

* Before Lent.

The gentle Saviour hears us sing.

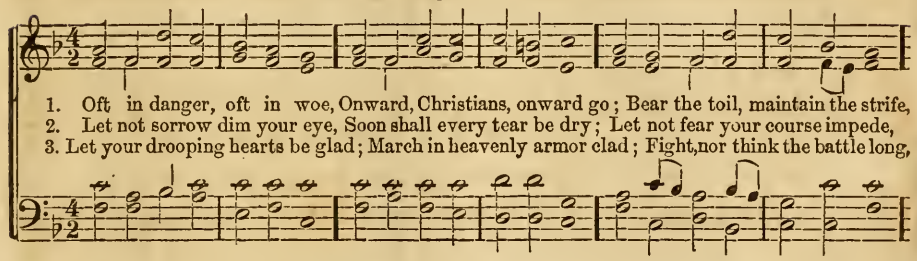
Arranged from a German Air by JOHN E. CLANER.

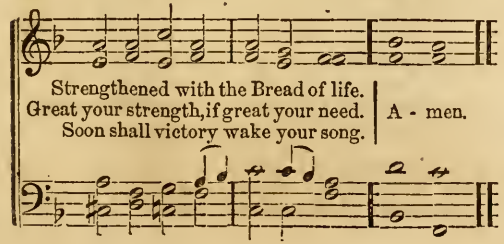


3. While here on earth he kindly blest,
Each little one that came;
Oh, will he not receive the rest?
He's Jesus, just the same.
Dear Saviour, by thy early years,
All free from sin and guile,
By thy lone pilgrimage of tears,
By thy forgiving smile;

4. By thy blest ministry of love,
By all thy cruel wrongs,
By thy assistance from above,
Where power and strength belongs,
By all thy suffering, all thy woe,
We ask to be forgiven;
Dear Saviour, dwell with us below,
Then take us home to heaven.

Oft in Danger, oft in Woe.





4.

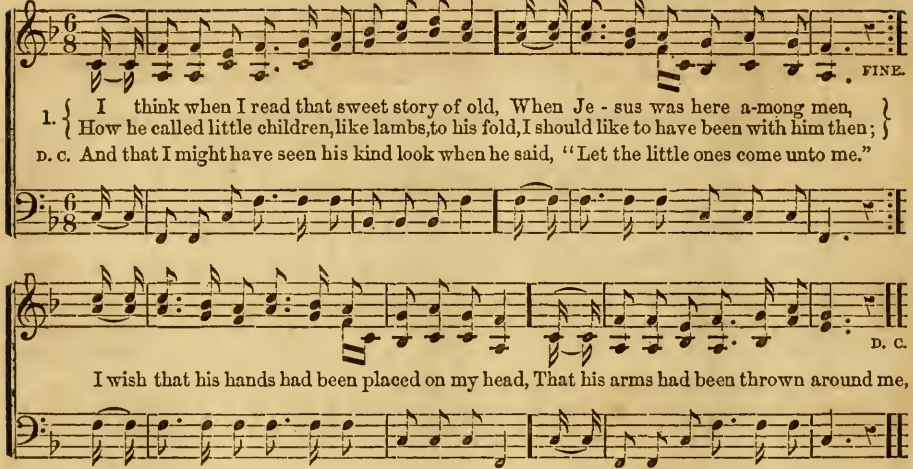
Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

5.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise:
Holy Jesus, praise to thee
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

That sweet Story of Old.

T. A. SPINNING.



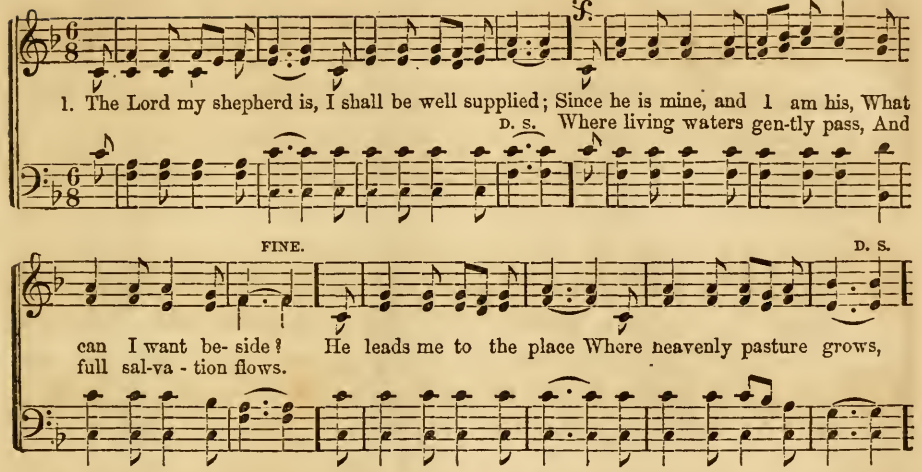
2.

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love,
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.
In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3.

But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

J. ZUNDEL. *From* "PLYMOUTH COLL." *By permission.*

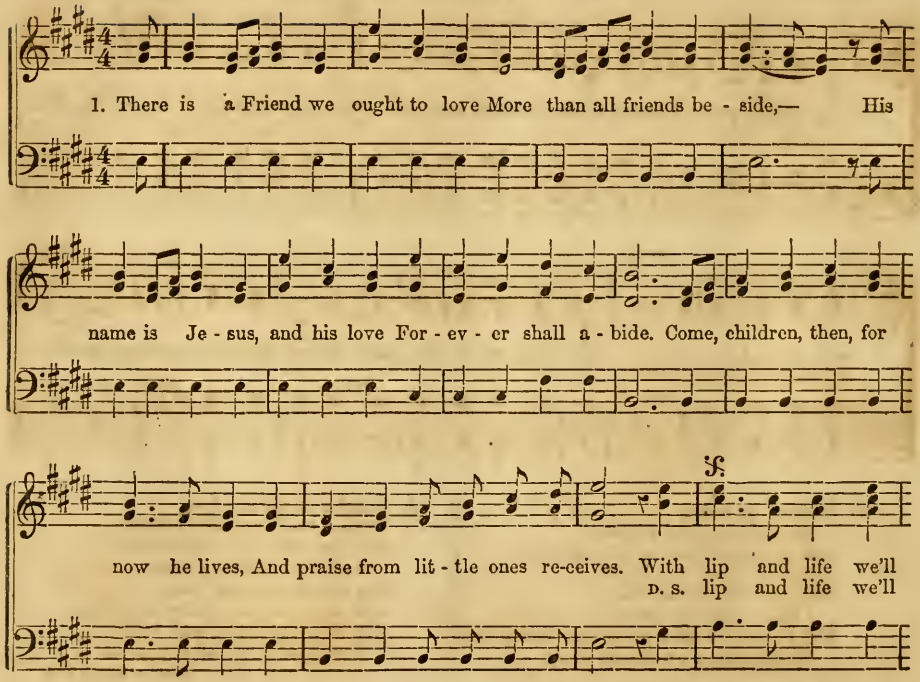


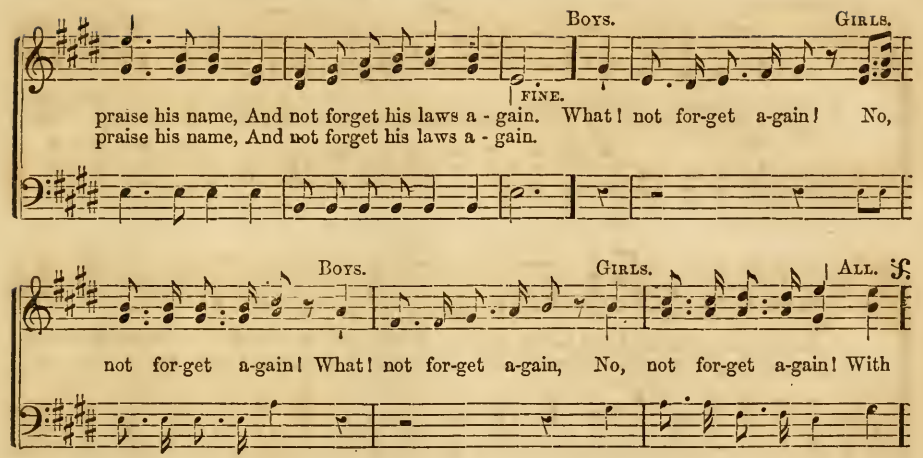
2. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way
For his most holy Name.
While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

3. In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days,
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

From "S. S. HOSANNA." E. ROBERTS.



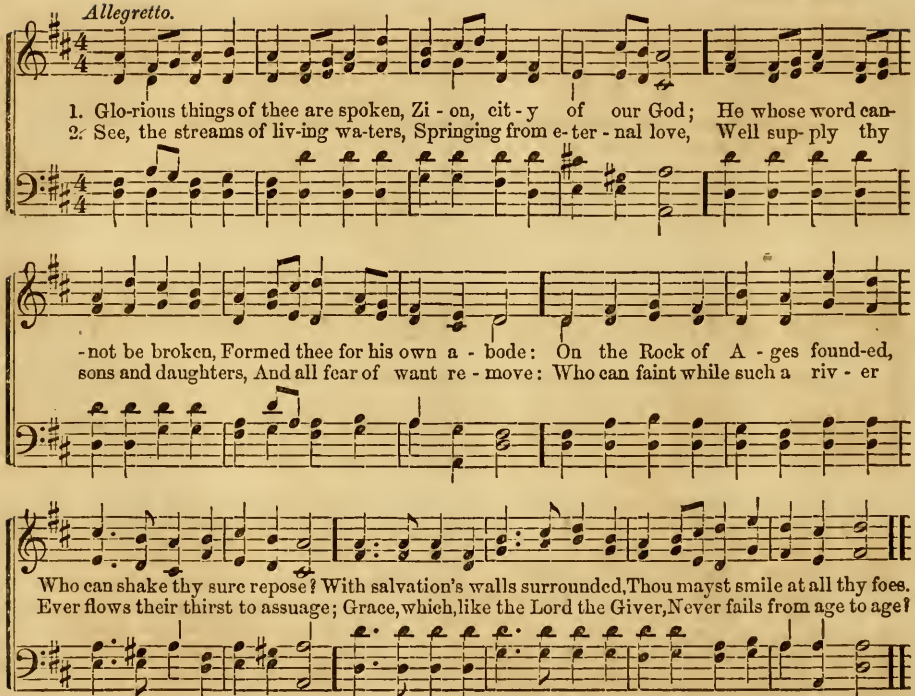


2. There is a word we ought to prize
More than all words beside—
It tells how Jesus from above
Came down, and wept, and died.
Come, children, then, for now he lives,—
Sinners from every land receives;
Oh! let us spread the tidings round,
And publish wide the joyful sound.
What! spread the joyful sound?
Yes, spread the joyful sound, &c.

3. There is a land we ought to love
More than all lands beside—
The land of glory high above,
Where all the saints abide.
Come, children, for this land prepare;
Tribes of all nations shall be there;
Oh! there we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
What! never part again?
No, never part again, &c.

Glorious Things of Thee are spoken.

W. B. WILDE.

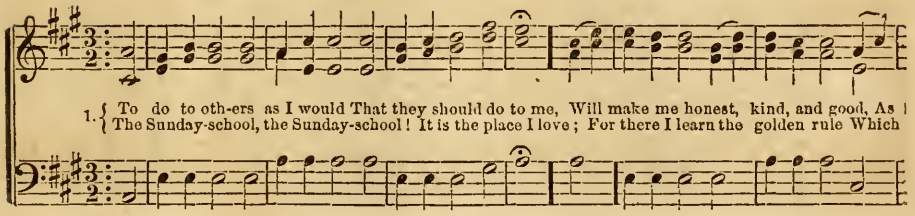


3. Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray.

4. Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, 1779

Golden Rule.



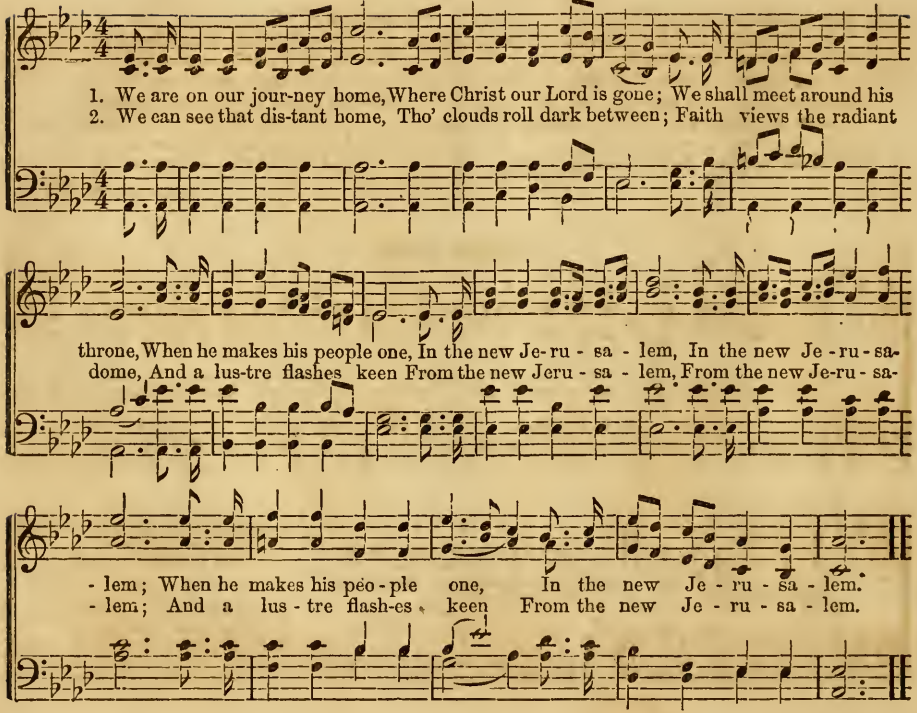
2.
I know I should not steal nor use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose
If it belonged to me.
The Sunday-school, &c.

3.
And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.
The Sunday-school, &c.

4.
But any kindness they may need
I'll do, whate'er it be;
As I am very glad indeed
When they are kind to me.
The Sunday-school, &c.

We are on our Journey Home.

From "SONGS OF ZION," *by permission.* H. KINGSBURY.



3.

Oh glory shining far
From the never-setting sun;
Oh trembling morning star,
Our journey 's almost done,
To the new Jerusalem.

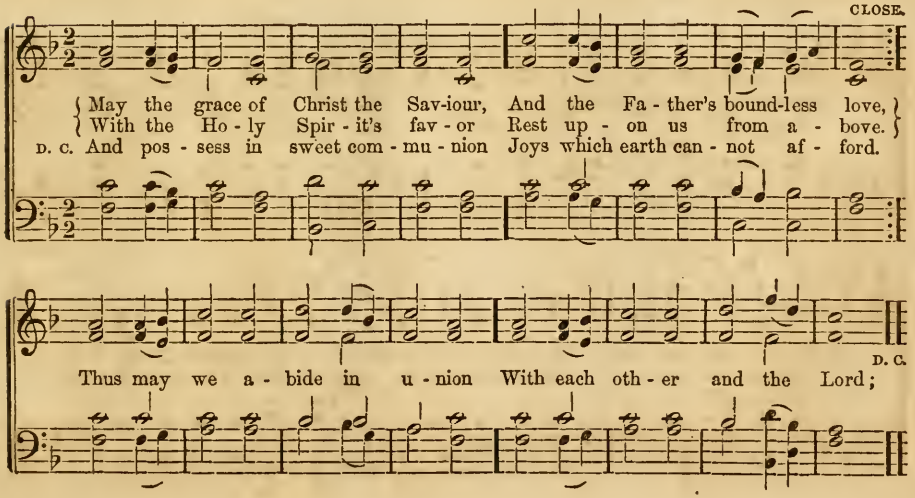
4.

Oh holy, heavenly home;
Oh rest eternal there;
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem?

5.

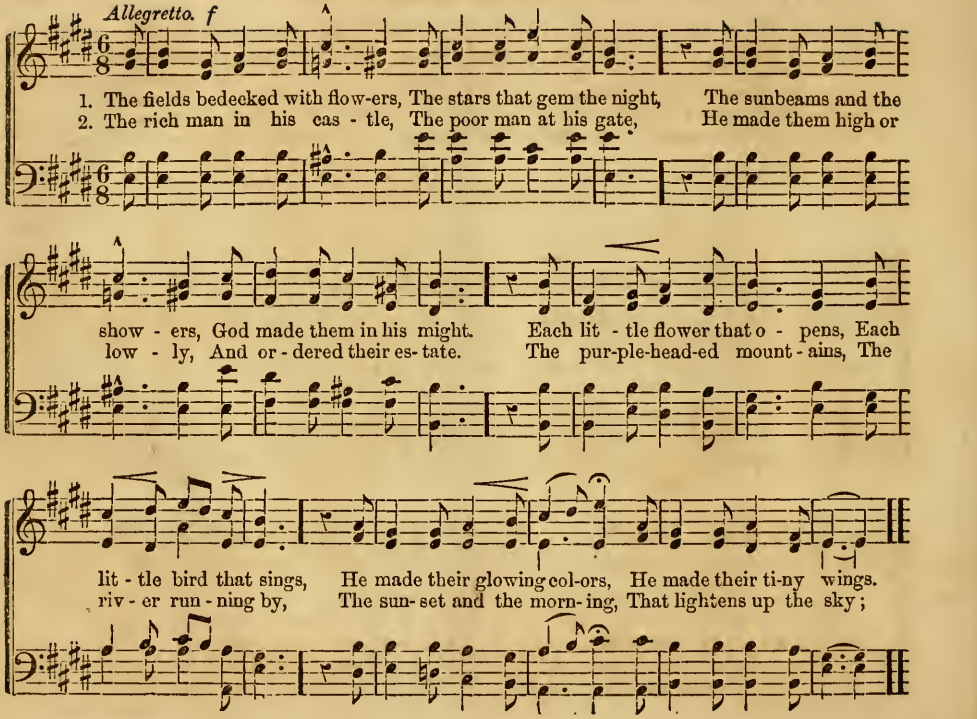
Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see;
O Lord, thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with thee
To the new Jerusalem.

Greenville. 8s & 7s.



The Fields bedecked with Flowers.

W. D. A.



3. The cold winds in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them, every one.
The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;

4. He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who "doeth all things well."
Then let us raise our voices
His praises to proclaim,
And in his works around us,
Read his almighty name.

Praise, O praise our God and King.

Music.—"*Let us with a gladsome mind.*"

1. Praise, O praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2. Praise him that he made the sun,
Day by day his course to run;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3. And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4. Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5. And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6. Praise him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner floor;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

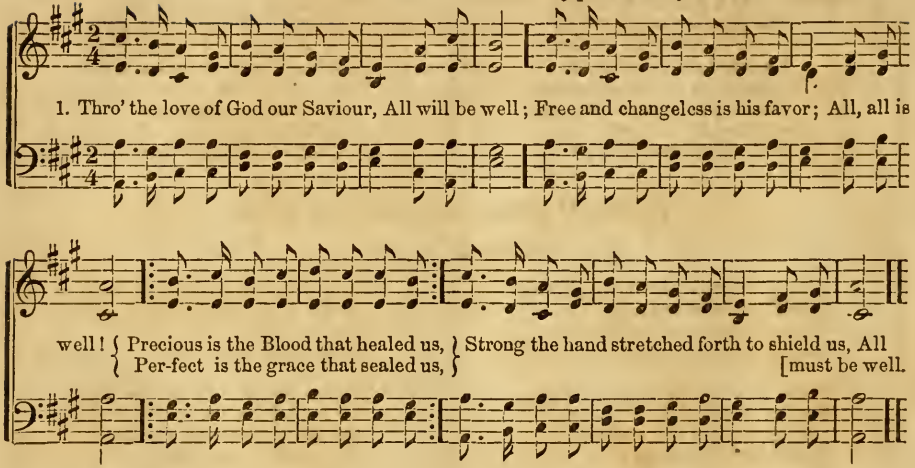
7. And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8. Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One!

Sir Henry Baker, 1861.

All will be well.

From "PILGRIM SONGS." *By permission of* WM. B. BRADBURY.

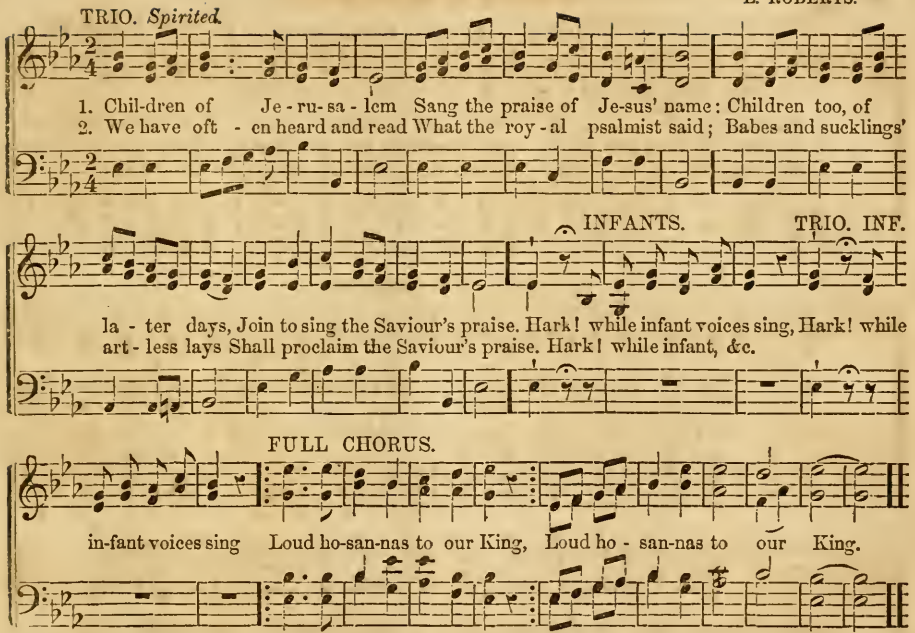


2. Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well!
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's finding,
All must be well.

3. We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well!
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well!

Mary Rowley, 1847.

E. ROBERTS.

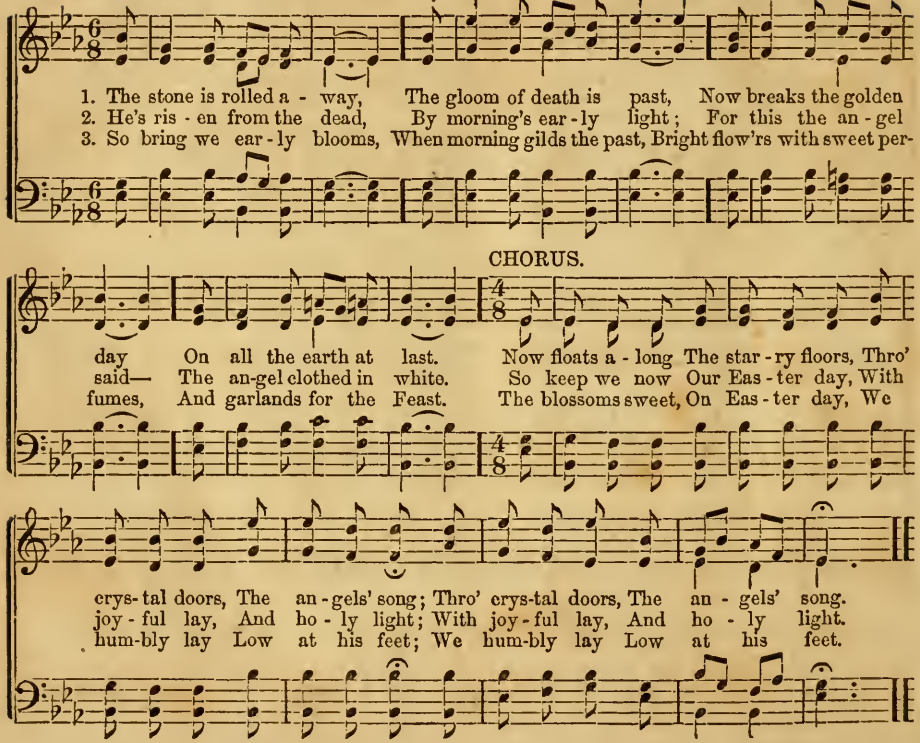


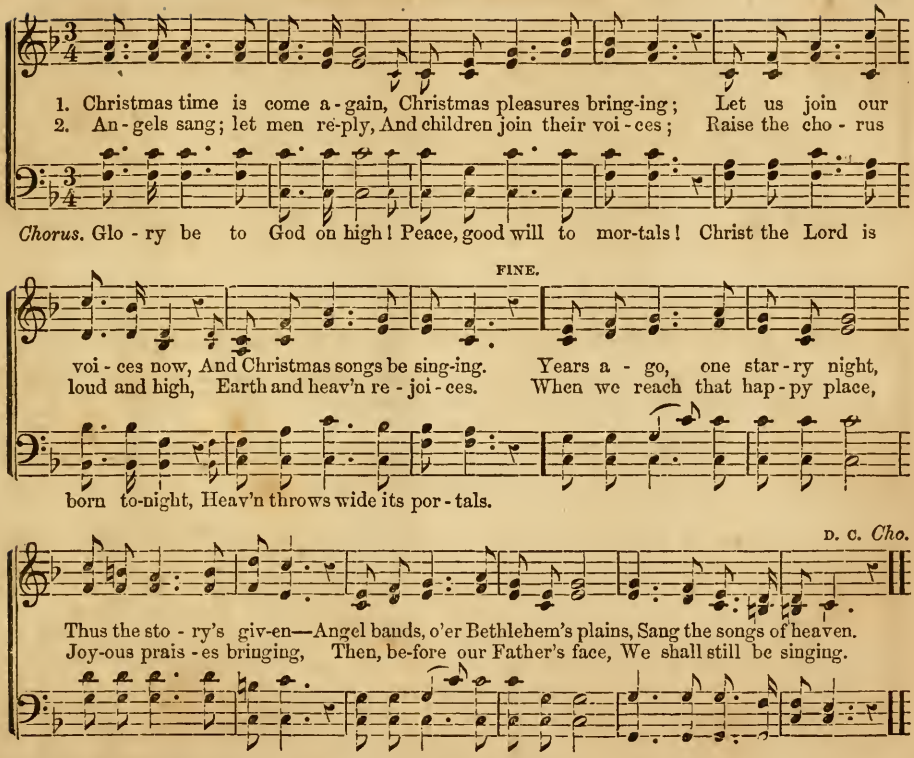
3. We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his word,
We are taught the way to heaven,
Praise to God for all be given.—Hark, &c.

4. Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.—Hark, &c.

The Stone is rolled away.

Words by Miss C. L. JACKSON. *Music by* F. H. NASH.




1. Christmas time is come a-gain, Christmas pleasures bring-ing; Let us join our
2. An-gels sang; let men re-ply, And children join their voi-ces; Raise the cho-rus
Chorus. Glo-ry be to God on high! Peace, good will to mor-tals! Christ the Lord is
FINE.
voi-ces now, And Christmas songs be sing-ing. Years a-go, one star-ry night,
loud and high, Earth and heav'n re-joi-ces. When we reach that hap-py place,
born to-night, Heav'n throws wide its por-tals.
D. C. Cho.
Thus the sto-ry's giv-en—Angel bands, o'er Bethlehem's plains, Sang the songs of heaven.
Joy-ous prais-es bringing, Then, be-fore our Father's face, We shall still be singing.

From Egypt lately come.

FREDERICK H. NASH. 1865.

From Egypt lately come. (Concluded.)

3.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more;
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God!

4.

There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God!

5.

We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God!

6.

How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God!

THOMAS KELLY, 1812.

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